

Encroaching Darkness:

A Collection of Poems

W.G.S.

For Benjy

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Prologue

Press upon the stepping stones,
And throw away those dentures.
Hear and heed the prepping tones,
Of one who knows adventures.

Age is a legend, a camper's myth,
That seeks to bind the believer.
It's what we must tamper with,
If to find a dream weaver.

Take my hand, let us journey,
Into a land of hushing caddies.
Watch a woman on her knee,
Propose to blushing laddies.

Note the clock, it's 25:06,
Just when the day's at half.
See the lions strive to fix,
The long neck of a giraffe.

Oh, a splendid cockroach,
It's headed right our way.
Ah, a wended approach,
Now it's gone slightly astray.

Already the clock says 14:14,
Time flies when given wings.
Each tock is foreseen, foreseen,
Every tick is a driven thing.

Never mind the eyes of the raven,
Whose shifty gazers are upsetting.
Never mind the lies of the shaven,
Whose thrifty razors are bloodletting.

How doth the little crocodile,
Improve his shining tail.
How doth he fiddle pockets while,
Telling his pining tale.

Alas, it's -3:00, acquaintance,
Our time is running in.
Let us see a quaint dance,
Of my very cunning kin.

The left is Andrew, the right, Warden,
They were born one day apart.
Andrew hand-drew as light poured in,
And Warden shaped clay art.

It's 2:Atara, what blasphemy is this?
The crown itself is shuddering!
It's too far to Christmas isthmus,
Where reptilian elves are muttering.

We must go back to the stone fork,
I can't carry you for any more hours.
I must repack the bone cork,
In the bottle of sycamore powers.

I leave your mind at this paved branch,
And I close with this line of hope.
I believe you'll find the craved ranch,
Of grandiose and refined scope.

Part I: Breaking Light

Lo, He is Helios

Another day starts,
“Stay not, dear harts.”

We must go and live,
To dawn, mules give.

Eight's already here,
“Early heat,” sigh deer.

“Sol waits for no man,”
Wails form, soon tan.

Ten arrives, much to see,
“Hour is a cheer,” vents me.

Oh, magnificent, whole Sun,
Melting foe, who can I shun?

At zenith, up so high,
“Oh, zip!” the tuna sigh.

Arc in heaven's abode,
Ah, as I can never bode.

It's shown large near two o'clock
A rolling secret to wow an' shock.

Fine savage, thou art bright,
Than a bear, to give us fright!

At four, illuminate my path,
Tall fate, I'm all up in your math.

“So, don't burn and shine well,”
“Bound on,” hinder swans tell.

Six comes, there are many hues,
Oh, as men err, hate is my excuse.

From rise to noon to set,
“Soon to tire,” Moon frets.

I sleep, bathed in the dark,
Add in spite, “He be the lark.”

Lights in the sky,
Let thy kiss nigh...

A Vision Eutrophic

There was once an Egyptian that was Coptic,
Who had lost his magnificent pair of optics.
They were strong, short of microscopic,
For his eyesight was terribly myopic.
He had lost them in the sunny tropics,
Which, I say, is mostly on topic.
While this may all seem catastrophic,
Our man was smart and philosophic.
He took lenses and a pair of chopsticks,
And made new glasses, what a top trick!

Oasis

I'm lost in the desert and seek homeostasis,
Whereupon, I see in the distance, a homey oasis.
I begin the arduous crawl to the land past the dune,
For, what little liquid it has will feel like a monsoon.
Sand fills every crevice, every orifice, every surface,
I'm fully dehydrated, yet I refuse to be out of service.
The wind rips my skin, slowly burning the epidermis,
But I continue onward, thinking of the empty thermos.
My vision is obscured by the mask protecting my face,
I'm thankful even though it's surely affecting my pace.
I get closer and closer to the land of milk and honey,
That's coconuts and dates, I'm not trying to be funny.
My mouth quickly moistens at the thought of water,
And of droplets pouring down as if by a slaughter.
I reach the tall grass, growing in a hodgepodge,
Alas, it was an illusion, and just a mirage!

The Quest

A king was sent into a fright,
His daughter kidnapped in the night.
He gathered each and every knight,
They all had merit and great might.

“Save my daughter from her demise,
Kill her captors and claim the prize.
If she kisses you with true eyes,
You may wed her, I tell no lies!”

Only one brave knight raised his hand,
To save the princess of the land.
He said, “Oh, King, I understand
The rescue's risks, so great and grand.”

He traveled far, he traveled long,
No easy task, but he stayed strong.
He found the fortress, filled with song,
He rushed forth and hurried along.

He slayed the guards at the front gate,
He kept on running without wait.
“I must not tarry, or be late,
To save the princess is my fate!”

The knight entered a giant room,
With many doors, each one to doom.
Which ones will lead him to his tomb,
Which one makes him into a groom?

He tried a door, and found a maze,
He looked at its walls in a daze.
He entered it, no time to laze,
He nearly fell into a craze.

The knight used wool to mark each path,
He found the center through his math.
He stood still and cried out, “What hath
God wrought in his terrible wrath?!”

Behold there was a rattlesnake,
Of size so big to make men quake.
The knight feared not, he did not shake,
He dodged the fangs, a piece of cake!

The large snake sought him in its search,
It left its lair, it left its perch,
The knight, so brave, gave a big lurch,
And hurtled through a door of birch.

He found himself in a room, full,
With many soldiers and a bull.
Not in the maze, he gave a pull,
And threw away the length of wool.

The animal charged forth and gored,
The knight felled it with his sharp sword.
Then with his heart and strength restored.
He ran to face the racing horde.

The knight was angry, filled with rage,
He killed them all, to hell with age.
And the corpses from this rampage,
He left to Death, that sarcophague.

The knight approached his better half,
He threw down his longsword, the staff.
He cast off his armor, the chaff,
Embraced her and gave out a laugh.

“Your Majesty, are you okay?
In this fortress we must not stay!
Lest more come, intent to slay,
So, come now, we must not delay!”

They fled the mighty, stone fortress,
From the troops and the fearsome hiss.
The knight felt inside him a bliss,
For the princess gave him the kiss!

Epiphany

Along a brook which did babble,
Isaac viewed the stars of a dapple,
To get away from all the rabble,
Emitted from the nearby chapel.
Regarding gravity he did dabble,
On a problem with which he did grapple.
Isaac began to scribble-scrabble,
When he was hit by a falling apple!

My Guard

My guard's posture is perfect,
And his vertical is solid.
He has the final verdict,
Although his home is squalid.

His clothes never fit,
No matter what is worn,
But he can take a hit,
Whatever clothes adorn.

And often is he struck,
Attacked by fleeting shadows.
But such is his luck,
Never hurt by these mad blows.

My guard hates to sleep,
As long as he is working,
He lets me earn my keep,
No matter what is lurking.

He's a rather dull fellow,
Not too quick at thought.
But his temper is mellow,
A quality I had long sought.

His vision is nearsighted,
And his ears are jaundiced.
But he is ne'er slighted,
By wind or the dawn's kiss.

I see that you want to suggest,
A better employee for me.
But my guard is the very best,
Since a scarecrow works for free.

Refracted

I wake up relaxed in the care of a bed,
Rise and shine, I must dare to tread.
But, I am filled with painful dread,
When I see the room is stained red.

In panic, I look for a different tinge,
When from a sound, I instantly cringe.
It's just the creak of the door hinge,
As I enter a room colored orange.

Emotions ebb and flow "hello,"
Queasiness and uneasiness bellow.
But I feel myself becoming mellow,
As the next room is painted yellow.

Calmed now, I proceed like a queen,
Thoughts happen, my mind feels clean.
Perhaps I am soon to see a natural scene,
As the subsequent room is tinted green.

I'm not scared, but my mind's in a stew,
Was I here for many days, or just a few?
I feel that the answer is soon due,
As the following room is hued blue.

The rooms are like lines of a rainbow,
Separating me from my main beau.
It's a shame to leave this shindig, though,
As the door reveals a room of indigo.

The colors followed a basic palette,
To do it again, I'd sign the ballot.
But soon I will escape this lone islet,
Since the final room is inked violet.

I don't know what I now must think,
But, even so, I still do not blink.
Soon, though, I feel my heart sink,
As the door opens to a room so pink.

Red Eye

Zzz...Sorry, I must have dozed off,
It seems the cabin door's been closed off.
Alas, we shall fly,
Across the dark sky,
Let's prepare by getting hosed off...

...I apologize, I've been drifting again,
The real and false are shifting again.
As I was saying,
The plane's a-swaying,
It's outstretched wings shall be lifting again...

...st gravity and toward the horizon,
Look, the machine had finally arisen!
We sit, yet are aloft,
On clouds so very soft,
As our vehicle hopefully flies on...

Zzz...I must justify my impolite sleep,
For napping away like an acolyte's sheep.
I'm not used to red eyes,
Please excuse my dead guise,
I prefer to wake when all the lights leap...

...I should defend my soporific excursions,
But my dreams are like terrific diversions.
I can meet all the gods,
And call them all "clods",
Like Alexander, the honorific Persian...

...I think I'm finally coming off my buzz,
I suppose that it's a good thing, because
The plane has landed,
The crew has banded,
So let's leave this daring device and...Zzz...

Orange Navel

Once, when I looked for a number set's mode,
But not its median nor mean nor range.
I sat and ate a piece of pie à la mode,
The pie being flavored orange.

Once, when I vacationed in Italy,
I chanced upon the city of Florence.
There I ate a dessert named beautifully,
The gelato, and its flavor was orange.

Once, I was sick in my bed with the flu,
And was spoon-fed some fruity porridge
As I lay there with each sneeze and achoo,
I was consoled by the food, flavored orange.

Once, I sat and cleaned a dirty machine,
For it had a dusty and filthy flange,
And as I wiped and shined the sheen,
I sucked on a popsicle - it was orange.

Once, I stood by a hospital bed,
And gave medicine through a syringe.
I wished that I was the patient instead,
For he had jello that was flavored orange.

As I look back fondly at these times,
I am reminded of my Grandpa and Nana.
Who poured me orange juice with these rhymes,
Orange you glad I didn't say "banana?"

Yellow Belly

Red team, red team, beacon of passion,
Let your flames of fire flash in.
This war will be won with a single lash!
Blue team, blue team, let them dash in,
Soon our ocean waves will crash in.
This war will turn them into ash!

Red team, red team, melt their tundra,
Let our fiery fists expunge the
Blue team with the power of the Sun!
Blue team, blue team, freeze their fun, bruh,
Let our long legs take a lunge, the
Red team will be stopped by our run!

Red team, red team, let us be fuming,
Blue team, blue team, let us be consuming,
Soon we will be exhuming;
Soon we will be entombing;
We're of the purest plume!
We're of a flourished flume!

Red blue team team begin commence burning churning,
We will make them learn!
Red blue team team alert beware warning morning,
Fire and water are torn!

Yellow team, yellow team, see the boiling,
Now their embers' smoke is coiling,
Pity the empowered ones who toil!
Yellow team, yellow team, see the oil skin,
Their liquid scheme is no longer roiling.
To the cowards go the spoils!

Green Thumb

Ode
To pine:
Evergreen,
A lovely scene,
Forever to be seen.
How long, I've waited!
Rays of sun, pour and fill,
Into the absorbent chlorophyll,
And enter the leaves' each pore until,
The tree is abundantly soaked and sated.
Mother of nature and matriarch of nurture,
Drizzle, rain, and pour to alleviate my torture,
Blessed tree, drink heaven's water until you're sure,
That your thirst has been quashed, quenched and quelled.
Gaia, surround the arborescent roots and support the tall trunk,
Take in the clouds' condensation lest the tree be drowned and sunk,
Give nutrients to our perfect pine and withhold any ingredients of junk,
Serve vitamins and minerals until the fertile soil and horticultural life meld.

Column of wood,
You have stood,
For all our good
Words of thanks.
Beware foul man,
With glowing tan,
Who not only can,
But will ax planks.
And, nevertheless,
Your kind must press
Your best kindness,
The air we breathe.
Don't become blue,
Over this sad news,
When all is through,
You'll never leave.

Blue Blood

They live as if inert,
Like soil so firm.
If they are dirt,
Then I am the worm.

Weigh the terms,
And see what's occurred.
If they are worms,
Then I am the bird.

Fleeting as words,
But lower than that.
If they are birds,
Then I am the cat.

They lie on mats,
But their lives I'll take.
If they are cats,
Then I am the snake.

They hide in lakes,
But I wait like a recluse.
If they are snakes,
Then I am the mongoose.

They will don nooses,
As my lips are cursin'.
If they are mongooses,
Then I am a person.

The dark and deep'll
Bury their hurt.
If they are people,
Then I am the dirt.

Wait...

Indigo Mood

A daydream of froth,
Blanketing me like a cloth,
As light as a moth.

The foam soon recedes
Leaving behind bluish beads
Recalling my deeds.

The wave, stronger now,
Its quilt covers me, and how
Will I make it bow?

Shudder and shiver
Shake it away and quiver,
This darker river.

It comes flooding back,
As if wanting to attack,
Color close to black.

It helps not to shake,
Now, I fight to stay awake,
The deep, drenching lake.

The beads let it drain,
Til empty and it refrains
From seeking out pain.

Once more, the wave hits,
Breaking my bones into bits.
A sea, black as pits.

Talk away the ghoul,
Rendering it quite the fool,
The unending pool.

Then, a tsunami,
It shall not leave, mon ami,
Cry out to mommy.

The light will tear it,
Forced in until you scare it...
If you can bear it.

Violet Heart

She was a wallflower, a shrinking violet;
As if hurt by the iris,
She would cower from a winking eyelet.

Like struck by a paralyzing virus,
She loved the quiet,
And epiphanies of catalyzing shyness.

He was a glib man, rather verbose and wordy,
And he sought her heart,
Though she was of a serene repose and nerdy.

Come, let us observe the couple and chart,
The flight of this birdie,
How gracefully it flies, how supple is its start.

He approached her, chatty and grandiloquent,
But she froze in fear,
As if he were acting batty and were a delinquent.

He, feeling rejected, backed away with a leer;
This event was infrequent,
That he become dejected, by a prospective dear.

He presented flowers before our pained violet;
She admired his gift,
And gave a smile although she remained silent.

Perhaps she thought the bouquet was a lewd grift,
Stolen by guile or violence;
So he sent her many books to make her mood shift.

Alas, she opened warmly, conversing on the books;
And though he proved ignorant,
His efforts were formally praised by more than a look.

Henceforth, she was no longer apathetic nor indifferent,
And neither shivered nor shook;
But welcome him politely, copacetic and not innocent.

And so began their journey, long yet always stable,
Of attracted opposites,
This magnetism of love, strong and always able.

The end is still unclear, it can only be an approximate,
Whether it's a nice fable,
Or if disaster reared its head on this likable hypothesis.

Growing Fervor

Aa?
Ah!
At that,
Catch a chat:

Cheat the heat,
That crater treat.
Scatter the chatter
As chaste hearts patter.

A ten-percent chance enchants,
Chase the Prince that pains enhance.
Accept that this fire shan't tire,
That I can't escape the infernal ire.

Instead, let Satan filch each spirit,
And Hell itself will script the writ.
A contract of two, His power implied,
A soul for a life, chosen with pride.

The contract is signed, the cup of life flows,
I return from Hell and punch the red glows.
My fists aflame, changed into the Sun's power,
By Lucifer's beard, I purge humongous towers!

So Vulcan, I emerged with a probiotic effigy,
Burning like Ra, my views chafed the apogee.
Power-hungry, I attacked my family's village brazenly,
Before God was evoked, I expunged them crazily.

I was quick to burn, expedient to forge,
That a flimsy beast - viz a dragon - gorged.
Jumpy, I soon knelt before the demon King,
He exquisitely voiced the zen He would bring!

Limerick Love

There once was a man named Louie,
A purveyor of floats and buoys.
He was stranded on an island
Somewhere off of Thailand,
And found a woman whose eyes were dewy.

The woman who was tanning by the shore,
Was happy to be alone no more.
It was love at first sight,
He was hers with one bite,
It was a romance out of the lore.

Months passed and Louie wished for home,
When a ship passed and scattered the foam.
They climbed aboard,
And with health restored,
Set for land, where society roams.

They returned to Louie's house,
Where he soon made her his spouse.
Once, when watering what grows,
He playfully sprayed her with the hose,
And was surprised by the outcome of the douse.

For she turned into a mermaid, no bluff!
And thinking he'd take the problem as tough,
She asked with the tears of a dove,
If he'd still show her love,
And he replied, "Eh, close enough!"

Retrospect

I was blind to the fiery truth,
Standing right before my eyes.
I was only an obfuscated youth,
But it's no shadow of a surprise.

I once had the perfect boyfriend,
But it seemed he needed a fixin'.
His mind was thoroughly poisoned,
By a vivid, vindictive vixen.

I didn't know this information,
Sprinkled around like hyssop.
But even with some confirmation,
I wouldn't have believed the gossip.

I wondered why he was distant,
Hardly talking to me for days.
I wondered if, for any instant,
He was leading me astray.

But I clung to my soulmate,
Never questioning my faith.
I refused to be a sole mate,
Or argue what he would saith.

In hindsight, it didn't take a sleuth,
To uncover his many, glaring lies.
But I wasn't keen to the obvious truth,
Because I am blind in both eyes.

Jacob's Ladder: Stuck

There once was a man from Nantucket,
Who strained with persistence.
After getting his head stuck in a bucket,
He asked for my assistance.

He asked for my assistance,
Along with some mournful sighs.
And although I gave no resistance,
The bucket stayed stuck - no surprise.

The bucket stayed stuck - no surprise,
And he became rather agitated.
No one else seemed to hear his cries.
As the Earth turned and gravitated.

As the Earth turned and gravitated,
A meteor shower crossed the sky.
It was as if his fate was advocated,
By the angels who dwell on high.

By the angels who dwell on high,
A meteorite struck the stuck metal!
The man shrieked but didn't die,
He truly proved his mettle.

He truly proved his mettle,
This man from Nantucket.
But the bucket wouldn't unsettle,
So the man said, "C-C-Combo Breaker!"

Mini-Marathon Mystery

Six friends held a personal race,
To see who would take first place.
The men were Ozzie, Ira, and Alan,
The women: Evelyn, Uma, and Yasmine,
The starter pulled the trigger, the race began,
Each contestant focused and then ran.
Such good sports, to test their strength,
Running five miles is quite the length.
The race stretched on, much like a muscle,
They kept the pace and brought the hustle.
Tough as it was, they did it in good fun,
But my mouth runs, pardon the pun.
When the race ended, they got hydrated,
And looked at the times that they'd been rated.
Evelyn finished before Ozzie and was cheery,
But after Alan, which made her teary.
Ira was pleased when he learned the standings,
At least two came after he stuck his landing.
Uma was saddened and felt very sore,
For she didn't win gold as often before.
Yasmine was a variable, never really sure,
She placed third or fifth, I must refer.
Alan beat Yasmine, but lost to Uma,
Running so fast, as if she were a puma!
Reader, I dare you, do give chase:
Can you see how each finished the race?

Part II: Acrostics

Snow Day

As the new morning brings in sno**W**,
Some wish to clear the mess, althoug**H**,
Nothing has changed from long ag**O**.
Others wait inside, warm and by the sill**L**,
While more are hired to work in the chill**L**.
Some athletes are standing atop a valle**Y**,
Hovering down below, more wait to sk**I**.
Others grow impatient, wishing to impug**N**,
Varying between silence and singing a tun**E**.
Elsewhere, a shovel tries to clear a ste**P**,
Look, snow is something we simply must ge**T**.

Wonderland

Libraries often have a special clu**B**:
Once you belong you'll have much inf**O**,
Volumes of knowledge wherever you g**O**.
It is often said about a well-crafted boo**K**,
Note everything – it's worth another loo**K**.
Get lost in the dreams of prose and rhym**E**,
Travel anywhere through space and tim**E**.
Only remember the world when you wake u**P**.

Cosmos

Stars sparkle and the Sun shine**S**.
Planets revolve in an orbit so tight**T**,
As the moon reflects, that satellit**E**.
Comets zoom around the world, so cool**L**,
Eclipses are stared at by only the fool**L**.
Incredible works arise, that's the agend**A**,
So revere the universe in all its splendor**R**.

Bistro Blues

Delightful foods include bologn**A**,
Even corned beef and dried salam**I**.
Let us travel and see what has passe**D**,
In the arteries, once chugging fas**T**.
Much fat is present, expanding like doug**H**,
Ergo, a heart attack, that fiery fo**E**.
And even though we may know this no**W**,
Thoughtlessly, we eat, until we say “cia**O**”.
So let's run to the grave with foods we crav**E**.

Playtime

Growing up in a town with little to seE,
A boy has one wish, one simple, little pleA.
Might he be challenged to clear the debriS,
Evading the bad guys in quite the hurrY?
Mastering each level, is it hard? AH,
Only for cowards, goes the mantrA.
Deciding the difficulty is nothing to feaR,
Easy or hard, all games should be cheereD.

Jubilation

Whether you have a dreadful jo**B**,
Either boring or truly macabr**E**,
Meaning can be found in your glov**E**,
Unless it's holding a malato**V**.
So take my hand, clothed or bar**E**,
Trust in me as we climb each stai**R**.
To be glad, you need no messia**H**,
Reach my arm and dance for Gai**A**.
You and I can take the lea**P**,
To paradise, and glories, rea**P**.
Only say that you won't stra**Y**.

First Middle Last: Whoops!

Firstly, Jo, my na**Me** is, unluckily, not Phi**L**,
Forgive me mada**M**, I am hardly sick or il**L**,
Forget my awful **M**istakes, and errors, stil**L**.
Fortunate is that **M**an who clutches the pil**L**,
For his children **M**ay thus be delayed unti**L**,
Females wish to **M**ate with an aroused wil**L**.
Fie on my most i**M**moral desires, all for ni**L**,
Finally, angry da**Me**, I now suggest we kil**L**!

Paradise

Man was created to smile and bea**M**,
As he lived with the fauna and flor**A**.
Deus took a rib as he quietly dreame**D**,
As Man was alone in this heavenly agor**A**.
Man woke and saw Woman, what a tea**M**,
In envy, the snake cried, “Pour Mo**I**!”
Methodically, it offered a crop's crea**M**,
And asked, “Are you not lacking His aur**A**?”
Desire broke them, and Deus steame**D**,
“Atrocious Prometheus and Pandor**A**!”
Mankind fell with miserable este**M**!

The X-Files

Try and find the answers somewhere**E**,
Heed the black clothing that some wea**R**.
Everyone's a suspect, every clue's a cach**E**,
Thus, you must follow the trail of the cas**H**.
Run along now, hurry your tiny, little fee**T**,
Use your wits to achieve each great, big fea**T**.
This poem is but a simple, five-fold haik**U**,
Heralding the words **IS** but a six-toned high co**O**.

Et Tu

Us plebeians should shed a tea**R**,
Since we would be lost at se**A**,
Unless we would row without fea**R**,
And paddle toward the land we se**E**.
Living like commoners without wil**L**,
Loitering under the azure sk**Y**,
You might not do more than til**L**,
Pay taxes, and sometimes say “h**I**.”
Enter Caesar, he led without a tric**K**,
Over Rome, men could walk fre**E**,
Paving roads and ending havo**C**,
Luxury for even the lowly fle**A**.
Even today, we all can agre**E**,
As gracious dames and sir**S**,
Ruminating life over some te**A**,
Each of us can become Caesa**R**.

Investigation

MAN ALIVE! SET A NAME,
Or the crime will you clai**M**.
Until the body is removed s**O**,
None shall pass to and fr**O**.
This room smells of horro**R**,
Odorous of morbid morta**R**.
Flesh and bone in a snaf**U**,
Bag it up and clean it, to**O**.
LO, ODIN, IT'S MESSY!

An Oz(.) Of Prevention

But humans can be as sharp as cact I .
From those by the pines to the eucalypt I .
Whether by their kangaroos or platyp I ,
And don't attack furiously with some alib I ,
And the fatal toll makes fools out of us mag I .
Surely, better results will stop on b Y .

Differences should hardly matter,
Variations of personalities chatter,
So when the former is confused by the latter,
Be sure to give benefit to the clatter,
Least war break out and shatter,
Thus, always strive to praise and flatter,

The Course/Coarse

Hear these words, note the ton **E** ,

(**P** arenthetically, I will add my own thoughts.)

You should live your life all alon **E** .

(**X** enophobic tendencies lead to naught.)

Spend each day trying to aton **E** ,

(**G** radually, with guilt you'll be fraught.)

For your sins, work each bon **E** ,

(**S** urely, pointless battles will be fought.)

Until the eternal light has shon **E** .

(**S** adly, by hellish fire you'll be caught.)

Crossed Words #1: Virus

This is the night
Never the day
Forget the light
Wander astray
Life is gone
Death is near
Forget the dawn
Dusk is here

Truly despair
For love and care
The darkness calls
When the shadow falls
As we decompose
None can oppose
Our reign begins
My zombie kin

Crossed Words #2: Veritas

Right	Is	Made	By	Might
Is	Red	To	Glisten	White
Made	to	Drink	Of	Wine
By	Glisten	Of	Moon's	Shine
Might	White	Wine	Shine	Better?

Flavor	Is	Made	By	Must
Is	White	To	Finally	Rust
Made	to	Drink	Of	Wine
By	Finally	Of	Sun's	Shine
Must	Rust	Wine	Shine	Better!

Crossed Words #3: Viva!

S E R O S E N E	P E A C E F U L I L Y, I F E' S I M P L E N D E A L L Y! Y, L A N D X O N' R E G R E T J O Y F U P L A Y. O M U S T E L F S O U R S E L F T L S H Y, S T R A R E N' T R E A W F U L L Y. T O R D T U N S M I L E S E T H A T C H A S E D T H E I R N' E A F L O A T. M	P L A C I R I S D L L D A I S Y, F E' B E S T E H C R A Z Y! V O U' N' S E E N O U N T I L E N H I V B I N G R I G Y D W A L K I N G H E D, R T H E R A I D L E D. N S V E R U N O F E A R R O P O M I N O U S R T T H E R N T S A G E S, T A T H A T E L S L E M M A S T A T F I M P O R T A N T. D A L L M A K E S Y O U S S O P P I W H E N G I T T E N S E.
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Eternity

S	C	A	L	E	each and every mountain,
P	A	G	A	N	fools seek the Fountain.
I	N	E	P	T	ones search once more for youth,
T	E	N	S	E	up as I reveal the truth:
E	S	T	E	R	elixirs will make you uncouth.

S	P	I	T	E	, then, any such quest,
C	A	N	E	S	and walkers suit you best.
A	G	E	N	T	of old age, step aside,
L	A	P	S	E	from being, with your pride,
E	N	T	E	R	Paradise, if you abide!

After The Fall

B	O	S	S	E	S	tend to reproach directly,
O	R	I	E	N	T	yourself correctly.
S	I	N	N	E	R	, be honest, never tell lies,
S	E	N	O	R	A	, be modest around guys.
E	N	E	R	G	Y	should be used purely,
S	T	R	A	Y	S	will be punished, surely.

P	E	L	T	E	D	by plague, still, never swindle,
E	N	E	R	G	Y	shan't wane, lessen, nor dwindle.
L	E	S	I	O	N	of soul, beset by the callous,
T	R	I	V	I	A	and minutia are ways of malice.
E	G	O	I	S	M	is a certain path to Hell,
D	Y	N	A	M	O	, exert yourself well.

The Farmer's Sunset

F	A	C	E	D	with the horizon's north,
A	S	I	D	E	: the side I hold as fourth.
C	I	V	I	C	duties aren't stewing;
E	D	I	S	A	, the winds are stewing; my
D	E	C	A	F	coffee is brewing.

F	A	C	E	D	with the horizon's east,
A	S	I	D	E	: the side is third, at least.
C	I	V	I	C	duties aren't roiling;
E	D	I	S	A	, the stars are toiling; my
D	E	C	A	F	coffee is boiling.

F	A	C	E	D	with the horizon's south,
A	S	I	D	E	: it's second, says my mouth.
C	I	V	I	C	duties aren't nearing;
E	D	I	S	A	, the owls are peering; my
D	E	C	A	F	coffee is disappearing.

F	A	C	E	D	with the horizon's west,
A	S	I	D	E	: the side that is best.
C	I	V	I	C	duties are withdrawn;
E	D	I	S	A	, let's sleep until dawn; my
D	E	C	A	F	coffee is gone.

Camaraderie

I

 have much wisdom to give.

S	O
O	F

, please, will you listen,
my words that now glisten?

Y	O	U
O	U	R
U	R	N

 are my four favorite friends,
bonds are valued without end,
and vase are priceless to mend.

C	L	A	P
L	A	M	E
A	M	I	R
P	E	R	K

 your hands and spread your cheer,
folks have naught to hold dear.
, my Persian friend, please hear,
your ears and wipe off each tear.

L	L	A	M	A
L	E	M	O	N
A	M	M	O	N
M	O	O	S	E
A	N	N	E	X

 and alpaca will surely agree,
juice will sting like a striking knee.
, my Egyptian friend, please see,
and elk needn't learn when to flee,
your courage while counting to three.

L	A	M	I	N	A
A	D	A	G	E	S
M	A	G	N	U	S
I	G	N	I	T	E
N	E	U	T	E	R
A	S	S	E	R	T

 and limestone are solid bases,
and analogies are like an oasis.
, my Roman friend, do chase this,
your soul and walk many paces;
all foes and create homeostasis,
equality for all human races.

J	U	N	I	P	E	R
U	N	I	T	A	G	E
N	I	K	E	L	O	S
I	T	E	R	A	T	E
P	A	L	A	D	I	N
E	G	O	T	I	S	T
R	E	S	E	N	T	S

 berries should be used as a spice,
: per meal, lighten with berries thrice.
, my Greek friend, heed my advice,
the following when junk foods entice:
and knight are men and not mice.
, throw away any unhealthy device, He
any soul that cuts more than one slice.

Part III: Nature

Of A Feather

A is for the Albatross, that mighty one which soars,
B is for the Bittern, which, like a bull, roars.
C is for the Canary, that fellow of the mine,
D is for the Dodo, that relic of time.
E is for the Eagle, that giant stalker of prey,
F is for the Finch, which sings its days away.
G is for the Goose, which is loyal to its mate,
H is for the Hummingbird, which nectar cannot sate.
I is for the Ibis, which always loves to wade,
J is for the Junco, which nests in the shade.
K is for the Kiwi, that creature without wings,
L is for the Lark, which the daybreak it brings.
M is for the Macaw, that colorful and majestic beauty,
N is for the Nightingale, which fulfills its nocturnal duty.
O is for the Owl, that master of rotation,
P is for the Peacock, with its plummy presentation.
Q is for the Quail, with its lovely top knot,
R is for the Raven, as black as an inkblot.
S is for the Sparrow, which has a friendly repose,
T is for the Tern, which lives where water flows.
U is for the Umbrellabird, which has a booming call,
V is for the Vulture, which scavenges with gall.
W is for the Warbler, rather heard than seen,
X is for the Xenops, which forages like a machine.
Y is for the Yellowhammer, whose call is a monotone,
Z is for the Zone-tailed Hawk, which never flies alone.

Apple of Mine

Two people lacking child produced a son,
The steeple they reviled induced their shun.

“The toil of birth” sings the wife, “gives the yield,”
“The soil of earth brings forth life from the field!”

“The core” some shouted, “and root are rotten!”
“They bore and sprouted the fruit forgotten!”

My parents were cast out and were ostracized,
I, transparent, had passed doubt but was traumatized.

An unnurtured fruit, an unfurnished product,
Rends a tortured brute with unburnished conduct.

A beast of burden, I'd stand, and grew with each push,
At least, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Stains by each person, life's terms were all glum,
Pains did they worsen, like worms in a plum.

I, now hated, fled the tree slew of tears,
They, now sated, fed with glee, threw out jeers.

Despite despair, I clung to hype and didn't waver,
To bite this pear, unsung with ripe, sweet flavor.

This flesh of being, this flower of choosing,
So fresh and freeing, this power of refusing!

To say “no” and be obeyed without objection,
To slay foes and be afraid of no rejection!

I searched for this potion, this arboreal culture,
But perched without motion, a raptorial vulture.

This creature of caprice, this persistent fowl,
No preacher of peace, but with resistant jowl!

I did maim the scavenger, unabashed, not craven,
More came to avenge her, so I dashed to a haven.

A city of orchards, with a cornucopia to display,
So pretty, not tortured, no torn dystopia to allay!

I found Paradise and looked for my role,
For sound, fair advice that hooked on my soul.

A light guided me toward an ancient temple,
No fright chided me into a blatant tremble.

I went and prayed in this chapel of Thine,
Lament, too strayed, was this apple of mine!

The Cerebra Zebra

The Cerebra Zebra has two heads,
One keeps watch while Two is fed.
When this creature is in flight,
One looks left and Two looks right.
It's smarter than the average equine,
Although, on grass, it must twice dine.
When each head hungers for food,
They must share or will be in a foul mood.
One bites Two, who'll bite One back,
But when in danger, it will attack.
It will look around for any action,
And think of a plan with no detraction.
It even can outsmart a man,
With the most devious of plans.
Yet, a gun will be quite fatal,
Even if its instincts are prenatal.
For while this beast can escape a cheetah,
It happens to taste great with some pita.

A CRISPR World

Doe, a deer, a female deer,
Give it feathers like a dove.
Make some more, a horde is here,
Their genes are stitched like a glove.

Sew them with a pulling thread,
Until they're perfected so.
Oh dear, now the deer are dead,
Which will bring us back to dodo, dodo...

Dodo, a bird, an extinct bird,
Clone it back to life on Earth.
Make some more, that's the good word,
Fill the species' former dearth.

So, make sure they're all fed bread,
Don't hunt them, they're just for show.
Oh, the dodos are dead-dead,
Which will bring us back to dough, dough, dough, dough...

Dough: water mixed with flour,
Let it quadruple in size.
Make the bread bloom and flower,
As the franken-yeast will rise.

Sow the grain as they have said,
Thresh and bake it as we know,
Oh, now everyone's dead,
Which will bring us back to d'oh, d'oh, d'oh, d'oh...

One of a Kind

A man named Robin had many hens,
A bevy of quails, and a flock of wrens.
This friend of the flighty, this bud of birds,
Was skirted by wings, cut into thirds.

Robin courted a lady, a mighty fair dame,
But she laughed at his company, so wimpy and tame.
So Robin was upset, sad, and in tears,
His masculine self, brought down in its years.

Robin swore that day, with no one around,
He'd win her over, or lie in the ground.
He sold all his pets, he bought a scary lion,
Robin tried to tame it, but the beast left him cryin'.

He purchased a python, such a fine snake,
But he urinated in his pants, and plunged in the lake.
He scaled down to a horse, the jumper he once outgrew,
But the velocity was great, and Robin nearly flew.

The man hadn't much to pick, so he chose a goat,
It bit him, the scoundrel, so he wouldn't bother with a stoat.
At last, an ant farm, but the tiny bugs gave him fright,
Those minute drones had chased out all delight.

Robin got his birds back, and looked for the broad,
To know if her frost had maybe thawed.
She laughed once more, he left with great pain,
Was he so weak, or just under huge strain?

An idea hit Robin, it struck him quite fast,
He was a birdman, and the die was cast.
No woman should say what he is to love,
He must abide by himself with what lives above.

Robin clung to his birds and lived to a ripe age,
And the woman, you ask? Just a name on the page!

The Poems

A syllabus of syllables crept along each page,
A litter of letters floated by each reader.
Water from a different – perhaps, a distant – age,
Grew a little seed into a mighty cedar.

The aromatic scent, by wood ripe for the harvest,
Wafted through the forest, intoxicating the lumberjacks.
They cut it down swiftly, hungry like a barghest,
And left immediately, bringing the forest's slumber back.

They turned the wood to paper, the grains sanded and unwarped,
And wrote upon them words of love and fidelity.
They never ceased, to wonder at the copse's corpse,
Only continued to mark the words so indelibly.

The poems, now complete, were displayed for all to see,
As the trunk of the tree sat alone in the forest.
But the stump did not mind how things came to be,
It's destiny was fulfilled and now it was time for rest.

The Ascent of Man

See the revolution of my evolution,
I changed the world beyond absolution:

Born 1809 in the town of Shrewsbury,
My history's true, see, do not refuse me.
Don't abolish nor embellish my genesis,
Nor polish your fine dagger as a nemesis.

I studied taxidermy, don't be acting squirmy,
Twisting, turning, like some waxy wormy.
Walked with Henslow, as all my friends know,
And observed nature wherever the ends go.

Graduating, I joined the infamous Beagle,
Voyaging as a regal like some lofty eagle.
Found my mockingbirds – not just the finch –
My fate soon inched and my theory clinched.

I drew my evolutionary tree of life,
A theme so rife can't be free from strife.
Wed my wife, Emma, but here's the dilemma,
She's my cousin, from which pains stem, ah?

Finally published my Origin of Species,
Spouted 'bout beasties, broke ground like Nietzsche.
Died 1882, buried in Westminster Abbey,
Don't be so crabby – it ain't too shabby.

I hail from the Kingdom of Animalia,
Phylum of Chordata, Class of Mammalia.
Order of Primates, Family of Hominidae,
Now hear the rest without timidity:

Genus of Homo, Species of Sapiens,
I'm Charles Darwin, behold my radiance!

Random Word: Cloistered

...Hidden away, these sordid bones,
Awaiting eons until discovery.
The dirt, veiling morbid moans,
From ancestors so motherly...

...Yet familiar and very similar,
Our ancient progenitors.
It's likely and verisimilar,
That some led to senators...

...While others led to ministers,
And ladies of the cloth.
Yet more became sinister,
Their anger bubbling like froth...

...In a cup runneth over,
Watering future descendants.
Or as a perched, hunting plover,
Pecking out all the remnants...

...And remains of society,
Until there's nothing left.
Except for fossils of such variety,
Tucked away in every cleft...

Arbor Day

Let us please take a moment to address
And give thanks to nature without stress
Our dear Mother deserves these words
For her gracious bounty to our tiny herd
Suckle on the honey, dripping from fruit
Taste the powder, shaved from the root
Or try the bark and its cinnamon aroma
Use the medicine to cure your lymphoma
So, rest under the leaves
See webs a spider weaves
Climb above the canopy
Admire a forest's panoply
Don't bother birds
Don't scrape knees
To all degrees
Love Them

R E E S

The Native of Madagascar

I traveled across the channel of Mozambique,
On a boat with Captain Ai, to go and seek.
My mission was to find an unusual creature,
Of many a strange and wondrous feature.
This animal was supposed to be evil,
Its mere presence creates an upheaval.
It's hunted down and its corpse is hung,
So its ominous spirit will remain unsung.
This mammal sleeps away, for it's nocturnal,
And though quite needed, is seen as infernal.
This beast is thought magical and thus feared,
But with all due respect, it's simply weird.
With its percussive foraging, its means of survival,
Only the striped possum does this primate rival.
With Captain Ai, we entered the forest,
Filled with flowers to flummox any florist.
The captain spotted in the canopy of the trees,
Lemurs so odd, in her tracks did Ai freeze.
She thrust her finger to the top, and I did reply,
“Aye aye, Ai, I eye aye-eyes!”

The Long Of It

Rowing down the little stream,
The waters whisper and do not scream,
They tell a tale, some lore of yore,
As we sit in bliss.

Rowing down the little stream,
Each drop reflects another beam,
They illuminate the gravelly floor,
And hardly are amiss.

Rowing down the little stream,
The sky above in a divine theme,
A gentle breeze you can't ignore,
With its subtle kiss.

Rowing down the little stream,
Our eyes can only glint and gleam,
Our ears hear not a river's roar,
Only a slight hiss.

Merrily, we sing to Nature's tune,
We softly hum and jauntily croon,
Not about life's many hassles,
Just its many gifts.

Merrily, we sing to Nature's tune,
We speak of every bounty and boon,
Hidden within the water's castles,
Until the looters sift.

Merrily, we sing to Nature's tune,
Of treading duck and diving loon,
Swimming like the stream's vassals,
As they lightly drift.

Merrily, we sing to Nature's tune,
Now under night's glowing moon,
Bouncing light from the Sun's tassels,
Giving them a lift.

And soon we return to the shore,
Back to the world, it would seem,
To go to bed and loudly snore,
For life is but a dream.

Boustrophedon: The Harvest

	L	I	K	E		T	H	E		T	U	R	N	I	N	G		O	F		A	N		O	X,	
	.	E	K	A	N	S		A		F	O		G	N	I	R	E	H	T	I	L	S		E	H	T
	L	I	K	E		T	H	E		R	U	N	N	I	N	G		O	F		A		F	O	X,	
	.	E	K	A	R	D		A		N	W	O	D		G	N	I	T	N	U	H		N	E	H	W
	G	O		P	L	O	W		Y	O	U	R		F	A	L	L	O	W		F	I	E	L	D,	
	.	S	D	E	E	S		G	N	I	W	O	R	H	T		Y	L	S	U	O	R	E	N	E	G
	T	I	L	L		I	T		T	I	L		I	T		W	I	L	L		Y	I	E	L	D,	
	.	S	D	E	E	W		F	O		T	I		G	N	I	D	D	I	R		E	L	I	H	W
	R	E	A	P		T	H	E		F	R	U	I	T		Y	O	U	V	E		S	O	W	N,	
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	C	O	N	S	U	M	E		I	T		O	N		Y	O	U	R		T	H	R	O	N	E,	
	.	L	E	E	H	W		S	E	M	I	T		G	N	I	T	A	T	O	R		P	E	E	K

A Tale of Two Tails

An eerie aerie upon a ledge,
An eager eagle upon the edge.
It sees a pair of eating mice,
Feeding on a loot of lice.

It dives to meet its daily meal,
To try to take with naily steel.
The mice flee and are afraid,
At the eagle's aerious raid.

Sequoia leaves deceive,
The eagle may not receive.
The anxious mice hide beneath,
With an oath to avoid the teeth.

Alas, airy breeze! Leaves leave,
To no avail, as aqua in a sieve.
The eagle sees its tiny prey,
And dives again to feast away.

The male mouse saves its mate,
By a sole sacrifice, at any rate.
But avian hunger is quite big,
It looks to eat like an obese pig.

As the eagle is about to consume,
A venomous snake delivers doom.
It leaps and kills the flying louse,
But then it leers at the lone mouse.

She races away, looking for escape,
But no ally or alley gives its shape.
She stops on a leaf and hopes to stay,
The air rises and she floats away.

Mad Libs: The Woods

Hello, _____, my name is Wags,
(your name)

Would you like to go camping?

I'm eager like the tail that wags,

Like a dog and the food it's sampling!

Let's _____ outside in a tent,
(verb)

And cook over a _____ fire.
(adjective)

That's what we're all meant

For, to _____ until we retire.
(verb)

Let's roast some marshmallows,

And tell some _____ stories.
(adjective)

Let's scream out harsh bellows,

And abound in _____'s glories!
(noun)

Oh, a noise! What do I hear?

A bear, a _____, or even a wolf?
(animal)

Perhaps it's chasing a deer,

No, it's near me, ready to _____!
(verb)

Elemental: LiAr!

No PrOB, BaBe, I Am NoW HeRe,
(As SHe ReLaXeS HEr InHAIEs.)
BeFORe? I WAs NoWHeRe,
I ReFUTE SaLaCIOUS SAIEs!

I Am ThAt InGeniOUS RuDy,
AcCePt ThIS InITiAl ReFUSAl:
I NeVEr FrOLiC WITH BeAuTiEs,
FORgErY, ThIS OBSCeNe AcCuSAl!

ThAt WITcH, LiLa, IS FInKIn'.
PLuS, MoNiCa IS LaYIn' LiEs.
I WAs NeVEr UP LaTe, LInKIn',
ThOSe HAgS Be PLaYIn' CrIEs!

WHAt, LiPSTiCK ON ThIS NeCK?
ONCe WOUNDs, NoW ScArS.
ThAt IS MoSTiY...OH, HeCK,
I FIB: YOU'Re VERy BiZArRe!

Limerick²: Sam I Am

Once, a man named Sam,
Decided to adopt a lamb.
He could not sleep,
Without his sheep,
Or a slice of bread and jam.

Others thought it a sham,
But he didn't give a damn.
His heart did leap,
For a bond so deep,
With this eventual ram.

One day, famine struck,
And Sam was down on his luck.
With nothing to eat,
No fish or meat,
Nor any bird to pluck.

He tried to hunt for duck,
And even spotted a buck.
Though he lacked deceit,
And could attain no treat,
One last solution stuck.

He shaved the sheep, each gram,
And in a bag, the wool did he cram.
He sold it for veggies to keep,
Boiled them in water so cheap,
And they feasted on yam!

Random Walk

I'm right here * between the words,
I suppose it's my natural habitat.
I cannot fly like those bugs or birds,
A pointless goal, I won't grab at that.*

Let's take a splendid walk, *
Down along – oops a hole!
Falling, falling, like a rock,
Deeper than ores and coal!

Surface, at last, I missed thee!

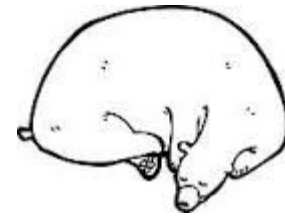
Perhaps we'll carve out a cleft,
And find a place to hide if shy.

Let's try sauntering to the left,
Where paradise may even lie.

What a lovely underground,
Filled with life so abundant!
And every wonder is found,
With many legs, redundant!
Little worms, little squirms,
Little ants from their colony.
Bigger voles and even moles,
Hibernating quite commonly.

He knows not of famine!
His belly gives a form:
And he's full of salmon.
His fur keeps him warm, *
Or the animal will know.
Quiet, we must take care,
Safe from winter's snow.
Ooh!, A sleeping bear,

Yet lack all the cunning!
We have much we need,
Nature is quite stunning.
Almost there, take heed,



I wonder what we will see next?
Let's explore the world together!

Life is more than words and text,
So be sure to break paper tethers!

With Apologies To E.A.P.

As I recovered from an illness,
It took me to a quiet stillness,
With nothing to stave off insanity,
Except a book to read.
While I sat there, engrossed in letters,
I found myself feeling better,
When, behold, my Irish setter,
Stopped and did its dirty deed.

I was upset, and much convinced,
That this beast be chopped and minced,
With nothing to save my humanity,
Except an animal in need.
While I sat there, engrossed in thinking,
As the room was badly stinking,
My familiar was hardly blinking,
For the carpet he had also peed.

Stuck in my state of the influenza,
I reached for the nearby credenza,
With nothing stopping a profanity,
Except a hope to plead.
While I sat there, I retrieved a towel,
To clean the mess, though I did scowl,
At the pet I wished to disembowel,
For the obedience he refused to heed.

Reaching down for the atrocity,
My puppy leapt with apt velocity,
With nothing topping his vanity,
Except his bodily greed.
While I sat there, I retrieved a thought,
That everything was all for naught,
And pulled the cotton towel taut,
For evilness had lain its seed.

But, the canine opened his mouth,
And this event soon turned south,
With nothing to allay this manatee,
Except a shiny bead.
While I sat there, being eaten,
By this filthy, ungrateful cretin,
My mind began to sweeten,
Filled with my beloved creed.

Losing every ounce of blood,
In a rowdy rush and foul flood,
With nothing to betray my Christianity,
Except a dog to feed.
While I sat there, being defiled,
By the jowls of this furry child,
I soon began to feel quite mild,
Now dead, as I no longer bleed.

Virtuous Cycle

Dance around the bountiful garden,
Ask the imps what they're guardin'.
Rows of the rose, pairs of pears?
All below the springtime air.

Glance around the clean cut hedges,
Watch young lovers make their pledges.
When they grow old, will they still care?
All below the springtime air.

See the ducklings walk in a row,
Hear the goslings talk to a crow.
Do all babies travel so bare?
All below the springtime air.

Free the pets, winter is over,
Let out Rider, let out Rover.
Will they chase rabbit and hare?
All below the springtime air.

Assist a mother in giving birth,
Fill the day with joy and mirth.
Does the newborn look so fair?
All below the springtime air.

Preserve the hive as it makes honey,
Watch it drip, slowly, not runny.
Does it taste regal, even rare?
All below the springtime air.

Resist the urge to laze around,
Release the magic and astound.
Will you not rise from your lair?
All below the springtime air.

Observe life beginning anew,
Many sprouting from the few.
Will we always be here and there?
All below the springtime air.

If I Could Be

If I could be a fluffy rabbit,
I would strive to make a habit,
Of eating many carrots.
I would see with perfect vision,
But with this correct decision,
I'd turn orange like a parrot.

If I could be a nimble kitten,
I would strive, as it is written,
To "Look before you leap."
I would stop all my bouncing,
But without all my pouncing,
The mice I couldn't reap.

If I could be a speedy ferret,
I would strive to earn my merit,
And never stoop to stealing.
I would stay away from silver,
But if I do not pluck or pilfer,
I'd have violent feelings.

If I could be a tiny goldfish,
I would strive to be oldish,
If the water is kind.
I would never stop swimming,
But with my eyes dimming,
I would become blind.

If I could be a flighty pigeon,
I would strive to eat a smidgen,
And stay away from snacks.
I would abstain from sinning,
But with all this thinning,
I'd soon crave even wax.

If I could be a lengthy viper,
I would strive to not be hyper,
Nor attack whenever I like.
I would learn to rest a while,
But if this is to be the style,
The mongoose would strike.

If I could be a giant squid,
I would strive to be a reliant bid,
And always stay in the deep.
I would not take down the galley,
But without my natural alley,
Piracy would be too steep.

If I could be a fiery dragon,
I would strive to spare the wagon,
From my burning breath.
I would use my power to create,
But this might just equate,
To making crystal meth.

If I could be a magical fairy,
I would strive to not be wary,
Of being kept in a jar.
I would heal without asking,
But with all this tasking,
I'd wind up in a bar.

If I could be a friendly unicorn,
I would strive to carry the puny-born,
From home to any place.
I would never shy from traveling,
But with many roads unraveling,
My body would lose its grace.

If I could be a hoarding goblin,
I would strive to oft be hobblin',
Not staying in my cave.
I would explore my surroundings,
But with many hunters abounding,
My gold I couldn't save.

If I could be a literate human,
I would be strive to be fumin',
At this poem's crafter.
I would say it's cut and pasted,
But with my time now wasted,
I'd still live happily ever after.

Macaronic: Man's Best Fiend

<p>川の近く 男を見ます, הוא הולך עם כלב של כעס I ask him for a sole clue, VO MA ML ← ZO L ↑A:</p> <p>“犬は 烈しいです זה מתקרר האמת To release him, I can't do, ←T ← <A△A A>A IX J A>A.”</p> <p>私は 男を 信じません, ואני גאול את הכלב, פן He's kicked by the man's shoe, VO A L O<A IX VAA A</p> <p>犬が 感謝 ですか. אפילו לא דקה! He chases me with abuse, △A L L A V I MA ZA>←MA – MA ↑A L A▽!</p>	<p>Kawa no chikaku otokoo mimasu, Hu holech im kelev shel ka'as. I ask him for a sole clue. Vo ha yule kolmu:</p> <p>“Inu ga tageshi desu, Zeh mitkarev ha'emes. To release him, I can't do, Etay ye chugu adu ix jadu.”</p> <p>Boku wa otokoo shinjimasen, Vi ani goel es hakelev, pen, He's kicked by the man's shoe, Vo u lochu ix vanu.</p> <p>Inu ga kanasha desu ka? Afilu lo daka! He chases me with abuse, Sal lu vi ha kadena – ha maluz!</p>	<p>Near a river, I see a man, He is walking with an angry dog. I ask him for a sole clue, And the man replies:</p> <p>“The dog is violent, This approaches the truth. To release him, I can't do, Or he will begin to kill.”</p> <p>I don't believe the man, And I redeem the dog, lest, He's kicked by the man's shoe, And be unable to eat.</p> <p>Does the dog give thanks? Not even for a minute! He chases me with abuse, I fall in the water – the devil!</p>
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Part IV: The Alphabet

Birdbrained

Alex bought Corey dueling eagles,
For grouse hunting is just kinda legal.
Might not oviparous pets quash ravens,
Seeking tasty urchins, virtually wavin'?

Examine your zoo-pet, also,
Birds can damage every foe.
Give harpies inoculations,
Joyfully killing little manifestations.

Notice our perfect, quiet rivers,
Streaming to utopia, vivid whispers.
X-ray yesteryear's zeitgeist,
As booming carbon did entice.

Frolic gracefully, heart in jubilation,
Know liberty, make no odd probation.
Quickly, remember summer's truth,
Usually vicious winter exterminates youth.

Zounds, avian beasts cannot deceive,
Eagles form great homes indeed!
Join kinsmen, locating many nests,
Or pray, quietly recessed.

Such talons uplift varmints wizardly,
Xyloid yews, zenful, are blistery.
Catch daft eagles, foraging grounds hungrily,
In jeopardy, killing life, massacring nurseries.

Often, people question regarding such tactics,
Until vermin win, exerting yucky, zoetic attics.
By Creator's decision, eagles flock,
Gather humans, interesting jobs knock!

Lastly, mind not our poem – quaint, rhyming spiel,
Treasure utmost virtue, whose excellence yields zeal!

Love Thy Neighbor

Ages ago, when men first spoke,
Before a country or county.
See these humble, foraging folk,
Deepen nature's bounty.

Even when they then grew wheat,
Efforts were made to preserve it.
Geniuses walk upon their feet,
Atria of the heart deserve it.

Iron followed bronze and stone,
Jacob followed Isaac and Abraham.
Cadences of music shone,
Elicited joy and lead to glam.

Empires rose and fell and rose,
Entire societies crumbled.
Over eons, friends fought foes,
Peek at those who stumbled.

Cue modernity and progression,
Art and science emerge.
Esteemed sirs, fight regression,
Tease away any evil urge.

You have the chance to prevail,
Vegans and carnivores alike.
Double, you factions, and set sail,
Express your love, don't strike!

Why lead a world so strained?
Zero exultation is to be gained!

A Kind-Of Guy

I am not a good-looking guy,
Although, Sis says I'm just too shy.
But, "looks" should imply vision,
And I am lacking such a provision.

I try to act as any man would,
So that Mary might call it "good."
But, Mary, Mary, so contrary,
I think that such a thing will tarry.

Polly is so full of jolly,
I did try to woo without folly.
Polly didn't fall for this flirting,
I'm just a fool, my soul is hurting.

I would go for Tina if it's okay,
But, Sis said that I would pay.
"Only a stupid oaf would suit Tina,
And don't think of approaching Nina!"

Jacklyn, a girl I hardly know,
Abhors unicorns and rainbows.
A goth, I think, is this Jacklyn,
A risky pursuit to try tacklin'.

Fanny has a sickly diagnosis,
Sustaining, with pills, a symbiosis.
This isn't funny, nor fun for Fanny,
Just ask any ill woman's nanny.

I think I shouldn't try for a chick,
A man, I mull, may fulfill my kick.
I think about a guy, Sis dubs "Paul,"
But that cool cat ain't fun at all.

Sis opts for a boy going by "Jimmy,"
But for this schlub, I wouldn't shimmy.
His ability of cooking hardly instills,
A joy of food within good skills.

Sis was imploring that I try Gordon,
Or that I look up his pal Jordan.
Too much, I say, too many to pick,
This choosing is making my body sick!

Bobby is foolish, Barry is aloof,
Dana is nuts, and Daisy is a goof.
Hank isn't smart, Harry is rambunctious,
Lola is crazy...but Lily is scrumptious.

This woman is fair and simply stunning,
I should think that I'm truly cunning.
Any individual might find this silly,
But I think I found my half in Lily.

It wasn't too long ago that I was in sorrow,
But, I'm looking towards a solid tomorrow.
For now, I'm dating Lily, who's just a bit shy,
And I can say I'm a good-looking guy.

Abecedarium

As another afternoon will advance,
Let's amble along the alleyway.
Forgot anyone who look askance,
They're annoying, anyway.

Be beautiful, be breathtaking,
Be yourself, and be brave.
Bask like the sun, unless it's baking,
Become a beacon and behave.

Conduct yourself with candor,
Shine with all you can carry.
Conduct yourself as a cantor,
Sing like a carefree canary.

Don't delay, it detracts,
From delivering divinity.
Don't dismay, it distracts,
And gives danger dignity.

Enjoy everything in its event,
Even it if doesn't entertain.
Employ energy to its extent,
Even if you cannot explain.

Forgot the foolish fallacy,
"There's no future in fabricating."
Fashion yourself in fantasy,
Be not fanatic but fascinating.

Grant yourself great gifts,
Of grandeur and gallantry.
Guard yourself from grifts,
And grabbing gadgetry.

House yourself in harmony,
And be healthy as a hart.
Having heard my homilies,
Hold them in your heart.

I insist that life is interesting,
In fact, it's very inclusive.
All are invited to be investing,
No one is considered intrusive.

Just be as jovial as Jupiter,
And no bad juju will jostle.
Be pleasant like jujube or juniper,
And no jinx will joggle.

Kindred spirits meet with knavish ken,
And kindly souls always know.
Whether at a klatch or in the kitchen,
Cooking kabobs by the kilo.

Lest you languish or feel lonely,
You can like any leisure.
Love needn't make you want longly,
Or limit your life to liquor.

Maybe many are meant for magic,
Or melding metal machines.
Meeting men may make you manic,
So move within your means.

Now, I need not any notice,
That one should never be nitty.
Knowing naught is for the novice,
But a neural noggin is nifty.

Obviate the obvious ornaments,
Set your orbs on onyx and opal.
Outlaw ominous orpiments,
But order the organic and oval.

Perhaps pain is preventable,
But it's probably for a purpose.
Pleasure may be presentable,
But piety you cannot purchase.

Quaintly, let us quantify,
The quanta of these quatrains.
Quietly, let them qualify,
Or quickly they'll be quitclaims.

Relax, these rhymes are real,
So remove your reservations.
Read them and they'll reveal,
The rigorous rites of regulation.

Simply put, you can be soothed,
By these stanzas of scripture.
Serrated scoldings can be smoothed,
And stripped of any stricture.

Therefore, let us take our time,
To taste the tangy tones.
Or smell the tulips and the thyme,
And be tranquil on our thrones.

Until the umbra will be ushered,
And urgency will upbraid.
Until ultimate farewells are uttered,
Let us unify the unmade.

Vow that you will venture,
And view every voluptuous volume.
Visit the valorous vendor,
And fill each void and vacuum.

When we wind up wheezing,
And we wrinkle away and wither.
When through woes we're weaving,
We shall walk where and whither?

Expertly play an expensive xylophone,
As I spark together the xenocrysts.
Let me light the excited xylitone,
Then we'll walk in the exquisite xysts.

You and I are youthful yappers,
Loving to spin the yellow yarn.
While a yuppie yaks and yammers,
Causing the youngins to yawn.

Zounds, let's zigzag like a zephyr,
Ziping east to zestful Zurich.
We'll play the trees like a zither,
And zoom up to the zenith.

And, per se, we must understand,
The hand that we command.
Band together and expand,
For life is grand and never bland!

Alphabet Soup

A man, I once knew, was from tiny Arub**A**,
A **B**oy of the sea, he often loved to scu**Ba**.
Ac**C**ording to him, & these are the fa**C**ts,
If I'**D** ingest a sizable chunk of soli**D** wax,
I'd br**E**athe underwater without th**E** mask,
Even **F**inding it scarcely much o**F** a task.
Gulpin**G** it, he jumped in strai**G**ht away,
And as **H**e surfaced, it was t**H**e new day.
Thence, **I** tried it, only to s**I**mply fail,
Although **J**aded, didn't re**J**ect nor bail.
A new chunk**K** eaten to **K**now the sea,
I jumped in be**L**ow & **L**o, did I see:
A fish which shi**M**Mer**e**d, brightly glowing,
A shark, even thi**N**ner, its bones showing.
Opening its m**O**uth, **O**h God, it ate the fish,
And its teeth **P**oised, **P**aus**e**d to savor the dish!
Terrified, I **Q**uickly & **Q**uietly departed,
Bubbled ai**R** escaped, & **R**ose as I darted.
The shark **S**aw me, and it **S**trove to kill,
My Effor**T** was in vain and **T**errible still.
But I fo**U**nd a big reef & hid **U**ntil it passed,
More **V**anity! The shark obser**V**ed me so fast!
And **W**hen all was lost, I saw a **W**ay out,
An**X**iously, I took wax and outfo**X**ed the lout.
BY luck, I shoved in it his oral alle**Y**,
Zounds, without air, he drowned, Jee**Z**!

The Manuscript

“What can we do? What must be done?”

“This enigma is definitely trouble.”

“It's terrible, horrible, to say the least...”

“And yet it must be solved.”

“Without an answer, they'll come to shun.”

“Then, the pain will start to bubble.”

“I hope that we aren't fed to the beast...”

“Please, our tormentors are evolved.”

“Even with Zipf, we are at square one.”

“And nowhere close to double.”

“Even with computers, fast as yeast...”

“It can not, will not, be resolved.”

“Oh, Baron, your madness weighs a ton.”

“We see nothing compared to Hubble.”

“Science will be as good as a priest...”

“However long this Earth has revolved.”

“Damn you, Voynich, dastardly son!”

“A pox until you're reduced to rubble!”

“The world won't stop until it's pieced...”

“This puzzle, and we're absolved!”

Cryptogram: Hrlpqhq

Ceh ipw ehcqmgr bxhth kpeqt?
Xcvh ipn tpdshq bxh fnwwdh?
Bxhg ipn'eh c yhddpk gheq,
Kmbx ugpkdhqrh, ipn gnwwdh.

Kh crh dmuh bxh onmlu, vepkg ypa,
Kxp znjft pshe bxh dcwi qpr.
Crq gpb dmuh bxh onmlu, ehq fpa,
Bxcb znjvdht smhkt mg c xcwi ypr.

Gpbxmgr mt tkhhbhe bxeg c tpdnbmpg,
Bxcb jnlx mt ugpkg bp jcgumgq.
Kxhbxhe bp xpjhkoeu pe fpddnbmpg,
Pe kxcbhshe jitbhei ipn lcg ymgq.

Pgh lcg pgdi tbceb pyy tmcdd,
Lpjvmgmgr bxh ldnht bprhbxhe.
Vnb tppg bxh xngb kmdd hgbxecdd,
Pe hdth mb'dd thhj dmuh c bhhbxhe.

Bxmt fphj mt gpb cpggijpnt,
Ngdmuh jcgi leifbprecjt.
"Kcrt" mt ji gcjh, tigpgijpnt
Kmbx bxh dpshdi beifbpfxcg.

un'edpoidlyl l'elol' ehl qliw
snoulyuouyls 'emau lwi si "sbem"
'uairboidlyl l'elol' ehl qliw
'snoulyuouyls 'emau lwi si "sbem"

'uairboidlyl l'elol' ehl qliw
'snoulyuouyls 'emau lwi si "sbem"
'uairboidlyl l'elol' ehl qliw
'snoulyuouyls 'emau lwi si "sbem"

'uairboidlyl l'elol' ehl qliw
'snoulyuouyls 'emau lwi si "sbem"
'uairboidlyl l'elol' ehl qliw
'snoulyuouyls 'emau lwi si "sbem"

'uairboidlyl l'elol' ehl qliw
'snoulyuouyls 'emau lwi si "sbem"
'uairboidlyl l'elol' ehl qliw
'snoulyuouyls 'emau lwi si "sbem"

'uairboidlyl l'elol' ehl qliw
'snoulyuouyls 'emau lwi si "sbem"
'uairboidlyl l'elol' ehl qliw
'snoulyuouyls 'emau lwi si "sbem"

cryptogram: encoded

Apart

My cat, my cat, ran away,
As fast as fatal lava.
My cat, my cat, ran astray,
And has a call: Zahava.

My cat has many charms,
Zahava can talk as a man talks.
My cat can act as an alarm,
Zahava can attack naps and bark.

My call's Sally, alas, my tally,
Has drawn many days apart.
"Zahava!", my catcalls rally,
"Sally prays at a day's start!"

Any dawn can draw Zahava back,
Sally's rant may last many days.
Act fast, Zahava, Sally can't slack,
As hazards crack Sally's rays.

A catalyst, a tasty snack,
Sally plants by Zahava's pad.
A warm party can't lack,
Sally may gladly add.

At last, Zahava's back by Sally,
Thanks, my gallant gal!
Why'd Zahava badly dally?
Aha, Zahava has a pal!

Bereft

Jesse gently pressed Lester's sleeve,
“When the weekend's here, let's see the trees.”
Yet Lester reneged, Jesse's pet peeve,
Her temper grew, my eye sees.

The weekend settled, here's the scene:
Rejected, Jesse merely deferred.
Lester leveled her self-esteem,
When he set the street he preferred.

Jesse, depressed, entered her bed,
She slept the lengthy, empty weekend.
She knew the wretch she'd wed,
Her temper extended, deepened.

The weekend left, Jesse felt better,
Yet she regretted her deference.
“Get revenge, Lester's my fetter,”
She expressed between events.

Jesse fled the settled steppe,
She emerged yet she felt merry.
Jesse trekked, step by step,
When she detected the red cherry.

Jesse beheld trees, they even teemed,
Everywhere, she eyed sweet effects.
“Here's the best den,” she deemed,
Yet she wrestled her neglects.

Jesse, newly freshened, shed her sweets,
She left the green, terrene shelter.
Lester felt blessed, he'd sent ten fleets,
Yet, then, she expelled the helter-skelter.

Hence, they see the cherry trees weekly,
They serenely heed the gentle breeze.
Lester respects Jesse's senses, meekly,
Well, he remembers when he'd see the trees!

Missing

Jim's wispy shirt is missing,
This is writ, I'm insisting!
His shirt is knit with silk lining,
It fits swimmingly with rich dining.

Jim mills Iris's shindig, finds his shirt in it,
"I didn't dismiss it!" trills Iris with spirit.
Iris, his sis, is simply irking,
Whilst I spy, Tim is smirking!

With wings, I sing, "Tim is Jim's illicit bind,
I did sight him hiding this implicit find!
Tim hid it in Iris's living prism,
Willingly birthing this sibling schism."

Tim shirks this link, implying I'm lying,
I think this isn't limiting, whilst it's trying.
"Tim stinks, lily is exiting his shirt,"
Iris trills, "I'm girding lily, Tim is dirt!"

Jim hits Tim with blind rigidity,
Whilst Iris grins, I'm with frigidity.
Striking Tim is ill in this big city,
It's inviting wild indignity.

Tim is smiling with his biting rinds,
Is Tim right in his inciting mind?
If I'm insipid, if I'm indistinct,
Is my mind light in its slink?

Tim winks his right iris, in divisibility,
His skin is skipping with invisibility!
Iris is giggling whilst Jim hits nil,
I think my mind is trickling still.

Tim trips Jim, this fight is finishing,
Tim's mightily wild, this I'm dishing.
Jim isn't blinking, this kid is tiring,
His impish id isn't inspiring.

Jim's will spills, Tim wins,
Tim's skin is grimy, Iris grins.
Iris kicks him in his chin,
Inflicting Tim by his sin.

"This simply isn't right!" Iris is insisting,
"This isn't Jim's shirt - it's still missing!"

Off

Solomon looks to my tomorrow,
For who won't know my now?
Hollow ghosts of my sorrow,
Brood not on why or how.

Go, Solomon, from my scorn,
For howls of horror flood my room.
Go, Solomon, my dolls so torn,
By tooth of jowls of dogs of doom.

My poor, costly dolls, lost for good,
No crowns adorn, no swords show.
Bonbons for my loss, short of food,
Gloom follows, for my bottom grows.

Cotton pools on my room's floor,
Odors of dog drops knock my mood.
Off my posh dolls, forlorn boors,
Don't nosh on nor contort my brood.

Stroll off, Solomon, sorry fool,
Words won't comfort my shock.
Stow loot for months, thorny tool,
My dolls cost lots of gold rocks.

Borrow or work, polyglot hotshot,
Worthy of my snobby, snotty monsoon.
Don't mock my horns, for my floor's hot,
God's bloody mythology follows soon.

Unjust

Just us, Gus?
Mustn't Bud turn up?
Unruly trust, thus,
Guy's crumby pup.

Such sucky luck,
But truths turn much.
Tumults lurch, mud mucks,
Gus, my thumb, clutch.

Drunk? Cup's crutch,
Fussy, mussy schlub.
Hurl cup such,
Surly, burly bub.

Pull punch, guy,
Turn clumsy stubs.
Slump glumly by,
My skunk-drunk luv.

Hug my gummy tum,
Just try church's lunch.
Clubs turn up bums,
But church hulls punch.

Thus, mull my truth,
Unjust pups must burn.
Trust frumpy Ruth,
Lunch trumps rummy churns!

Shy

My, my, my shy spy,
Try thy lynx's cry,
My wyrms, my myths,
Fly by sky & fry trysts.
My sylphs, my nymphs,
Dry my spy's lymph.

My, my, my shy spy,
Thy cwtych's wryly sly.
Shh, crwth, thy rhythm,
Lynch thy hymns, hmm?
Pry Yggr's crypt & scry,
Dry my spy's cwm by.

My, my, my shy spy,
My syzygy pwns thy.
Why try tsks & grrs?
My sylphs & nymphs brr.
Why try & lynch my myths?
Spryly dry thy pygmy cysts.

Mmm....

Eppur Si Muove

Any living person can do it,
But the dead might not so practically.
Curiously, one need not woo it,
Doesn't it happen automatically?
Effortlessly, the effects are shown,
From one and soon to many.
Global bands play each tone,
Hymns common like the penny.
It really is an ordinary feat,
Just another fact and facet.
Know when to exit your seat,
Let the ball go and pass it.
Maybe you won't want to leave,
Not wishing to relinquish.
Or maybe you can only believe,
Preferring not to distinguish.
Quibble not on these matters,
Regret nothing as you act.
Such worries will not flatter,
The legacy you leave intact.
Unless you're removed from time,
Virtually everyone will be affected.
Worry not if they act like slime,
Xenophobes are disconnected.
You exist and change the planet,
Zip along on this ball of granite!

Zimra

I was set to be married at a place called cheZ
DuPont, a nice little cottage down by the baY.
The hors d'oeuvre were thickened by a rouX,
And cantaloupe was set along sweet honeydeW.
A beautiful woman shouted out, "Mazel toV!"
Along with her husband, a schnozzled beaU.
Under the canopy, I drew my destined loT,
Although my stomach was tied in many knotS.
Yet my heart was lifted higher and higheR,
By each blessing, as the procedure does reQ.
After the chuppah, we had salad and souP,
In a wedding hall, with a band and DJ, toO.
We danced our feet off without giving a damN,
As the band played away a jitterbugged jaM.
Time for the meal, we certainly had our filL,
Dressed to the nines in my suit and her silK.
Back to the dance floor, prompted by the DJ,
I was garnished with a hat and many a wee leI.
Some toasted "L'Chaim!", much like an ankH,
And late into the night, we melodiously sanG.
Soon it struck twelve, and the night was at halF,
The hall was filled with many an empty carafE.
And although it was over, none of us panickedD,
It was a crazy night filled with wonderful magiC.
I suppose this may be a dull tale to an FFB,
Now excuse while I drink my hot cup of teA.

By Myself

Flesh and bone,
Pitch and tone,
Rock and stone,
Yet, I'm alone.

Brain and heart,
End and start,
Muse and art,
Yet, I'm apart.

I only wish to exist,
With a tangle and a twist,
To join the coveted list,
Of the gamut and the gist.

I only wish to attach,
With a paste and a patch,
To meet with every match,
And bond them into a batch.

However, I must disclose,
They then chose to dispose,
To cut off their jutting nose,
Like the thorns of a rose.

Further, I must reveal,
They did seal the deal,
With audacity and zeal,
As if I weren't even real.

Who am I? The little et,
Often called a brittle pet,
From me did they whittle yet,
Until I was a riddle set.

I am but the lowly ampersand,
Often called a damper brand,
From me, did they scamper and,
Threw me into the hamper stand!

Quixote's Quips

Quickly buy a bouQuet of flowers,
SQuander not your Quarter of an hour.
AcQuire a dozen of aQuatic lotuses,
UniQuely tended with Quirky focuses.
Not Quite sure of this reQuested flora?
Don't Qualm, it has an exQuisite aura!
Then, Quote I, rush to her Quaint dwelling,
And inQuire where she is, eQually telling
Her antiQuated mother how Queenly she looks,
So not a Quibble nor a nasty Quarrel will cook.
When she Quietly arrives, be Quivering not,
Or she may Question what she Queerly forgot.
Bring her to Quaff from some liQuers at a bar,
Or seek the seQuoias & become Quizzical in awe.
At midnight, sQuirm near her & sQuish your lips,
This may be risQue, yet you must Quell your hips.
Bring her home, Query for another Quarantined date,
And hope that the Quality of tonight Quantifies no hate!

Q is for Qisma

The Q is generally written with the twenty-first letter,
Otherwise it is vocalized as a K, hardly necessary.
Yet, this is inefficient, and so I rigidly believe,
That the Q be eliminated from the English alphabet.

For no other letter needs another to be correct,
Except perhaps the X becoming a Z when initial.
Perhaps this is the Q's fate, to be tied and gagged,
When the rest of the alphabet is free to roam.

Alas, poor Q! Let me drink to this graceless fate,
Q cannot stand on its own, as if its tail were removed.
Alas, poor Q! Let me toast to a watery grave,
For I predict that soon it will be rendered pointless!

Similar to this poem, lacking in any sort of rhyme,
The Q, by itself, has no design in existence.
Yes, there is the occasional transliteration,
However, the K will always be a better choice.

Yet, do we cry tears and tear hairs over the ampersand?
It, too, was deleted from the English alphabet,
And we were comforted almost immediately.
So, too, there will be change to the living speech.

Therefore, do not fret over the Q, nor weep over its destiny,
For, this is the path of progress in the world.
Sooner or later, everything will only improve,
Even if that means that we, too, will one day be obsolete.

The Wanderer's Riddle

Quixotic, yet it might be done,
Just likely enough to work.
Envision, focus, become one,
Not puzzled by the quirks.

Get a friend, stay a while,
Read quietly or out loud.
Exude joy, leave a smile,
Keep away the crazy crowd.

How odd these stanzas sound,
No joke, don't relax any sense.
Figure out how it's bound,
Mind the quipped events.

I can walk on frozen water,
I run quaintly up big hills.
I love to box and slaughter,
I just get so many thrills!

Quickly, run from my vicinity,
Or I'll aim and zap your junk.
I'll wax away your divinity,
And blast you chunk by chunk!

Give up yet? I am a human,
Except, I enjoy all mankind.
People are great with cumin,
Zesty when in quite the bind.

Up next, I am no male,
And not even afraid of bites.
Pop quiz! What, in jail,
Is a prisoner's kryptonite?

I quote wise men, one a sage,
"Expect evil to make you flee.
Know not of any buzzing rage,
For justice will send you to me."

Very strong bars, of course,
Are what keep them trapped.
They extorted crystal quartz,
By steel jangles they're wrapped.

Moving on, I'm a zany beast,
Not a wolf or a furry fox.
I quench my thirst and feast,
I kill life, I'm a paradox.

I'm germs, those violent cells,
Be worried as I jam your pores.
Only oxidizing air quells,
Then I'll continue nevermore.

Enough with the vexing questions,
I grow bored of these games.
Carry on, with your precession,
To your jazzy, kinky games.

Wait! Let's speak about doves,
And the exotic platypus.
Or the quetzals just above,
For the bullfrog is a wuss.

Or let's discuss mixology,
We'll whisk up a spritzer.
Be equivocal about biology,
For the jollies of this elixir.

Maybe we can play with dice,
And gaze at the jet black pips.
A quincunx can be really nice,
That's a five, say my lips.

Have you a want or desire,
Exert your voice, my jewel!
Forgo kazoos and lyres,
Bequeath your words so cool.

You wish to exact to zero,
The dreaded vampire.
And joust as a knightly hero,
Before he has time to sire?

What a quaint imagination,
It's a fake, a myth, I claim!
Vlad is but an odd fixation,
By jumpy, zit-faced dames!

But, worry not, beautiful quince,
I'll protect every dazzling flower.
Join me and we'll kill the prince,
And fix him at the midnight hour!

Oh, he's a hoax, I remember now,
I was so jacked-up to slay.
You nearly squashed my vow,
Before I zagged away!

However, my qi is flowing,
My chakra is exceptional.
My zippy joints are glowing,
This body is so flexible!

To the horizon, let us quest,
To the cosmos, we'll fly.
Don't extend or grasp in jest,
Blink not or it'll pass by.

Life is fancy and exquisite,
Take it for a jittery spin.
Under a gazebo you can visit,
Many happy friends and kin.

So, don't delay nor inquire,
I'm no vizier or wise guide.
Hijack the day, then retire,
Be fearsome and have pride!

I grieve that we must part,
Let's adjourn for the night.
The equinox breaks apart,
Let's doze til the coming light.

The quandary, you solved it?
Wonderful, do expound!
A lipogram that evolved?
By Jove, your tricks astound!

Each good letter was once taken,
The alphabet quietly removed.
Not a jinx, never forsaken,
Your zealotry, you have proved!

The Land of Purple

An ox was once stampeding,
Into a house and hardly feeding.
Large as a camel, it gave a roar,
And ran through the open door.
The family escaped by the window,
No hook could keep them in, though.
A better weapon might suffice,
But the courtyard did entice.
Ox gored a cart, broke each wheel,
Things were out of hand, I feel.
Bows in palms, arrows shot,
Ox was goaded into a rough spot.
It fell into water, a mighty river,
Fish swam by as it gave a shiver.
Ox stood up, supported by rage,
Its eyes red with war to wage.
Ox opened its mouth and roared,
The hunt began as rain poured.
No monkey or man would prevail,
It raised its head without fail.
Each tooth gleamed with lust,
It sees its mark, flee, I must!

Part V: Mathematics

By the Numbers

I'm tired of being a blunder,
Sick of being a one-hit wonder.
I'm always feeling too fenced in,
I just want to get my two cents in.
I've lost my treasures and riches,
And used up my three wishes.
I've tried my luck over and over,
And spent my last four-leaf clover.
It's time to remove this bad glow,
And shave my five o'clock shadow.
Lying around all day will fix jack,
I need to rise and attain a six-pack.
I'll start my engine and get revvin',
I'll be strong, twenty-four/seven.
Instead of wearing plain fleeces of late,
I'll be bedecked with pieces of eight.
Jewelry scintillates and shines,
And I'll be dressed to the nines.
My whole self will fully reflect, then,
The meaning of a perfect ten.

Star-Crossed Lovers

Y M I a J, F U R a B?

Oh, so be it, I'm up in yo qi!

But our own kin can not see the awe,

Thus, that hate won't melt with kind thaw.

Romeo, other loves never exist, fully aware,

Horrid hatred splits lovers beyond repair.

However, Juliet's actions inspire,

Although, devilish "brothers" conspire.

Therefore, oblivion's necessary,

Graciously benevolent apothecary.

Roulette: Half-Baked

The die is cast, let fate decide,
On how this poem shall unwind.
Let the wind blow, do not deride,
The “fine” treasure that one finds.

{1}: Triple Alliteration
{2}: Inner Rhymes
{3}: Malapropisms
{4}: Wags' Choice
{5}: Limerick/Haiku
{6}: Lipogram

{5}: There once was a man named Jeff,
Who wanted to be a pastry chef.
He applied to an institution,
But was denied any inclusion,
For it was a school for the deaf.

{2}: But Jeff was not one to surrender,
Or give in to a fender bender.
So, render tender, slender gender,
A man who is no pretender.

{1}: Our dear was deaved by the deacon,
His words deafened by the deaf dean.
He felt deactivated like a dead beacon,
But no dearth would deadbolt his dream.

{1}: He insisted on being inside the institution,
So they inserted him in an insane asylum.
Instead of being insidious at the convolution,
He was inspired by the insensible phylum.

{3}: He became best fiends with one named Alice,
She often tried to merger him with an ax.
Though psychic, she was without any malice,
And he could preduck any of her attacks.

{1}: Alice had an alibi for lacking alignment,
She claimed an alias as an aliped creature.
But Jeff felt alike to her alien consignment,
She was an aliment like an alive preacher.

{6 (L)}: And so our protagonist started to bake,
He was given permission to use the oven.
Jeff astounded them with his scrumptious cake,
And was respected by the doctors' coven.

{5}: Alice grew jealous
Of the devils so hellish
And attacked the relics

{3}: So Alice got a robot-to-me as a result,
And was shattered into a hull of lethargy.
Now a living dolphin, Jeff was repulsed,
She had lost all porpoise and energy.

{6 (U)}: Jeff became enraged at the doctors,
And vowed revenge for Alice's sake.
Therefore, it shall come as no shocker,
He, too, was lobotomized in her wake.

{4 (2)}: Now this couple, minds hardly supple,
Were muzzled by the muscle of the better.
Though befuddled, they stay out of trouble,
And, while subtle, they huddle together.

Crackers

Annie Moore lost her marbles.

Annie Moore misplaced herself,
Forgetting her brain on her shelf.

Annie Moore became quite crazy,
Her ken, once keen, now so hazy,
She had fed upon a yellow daisy.

Annie Moore fled her marvelous mind,
Leaving any and all logic behind.
She went outside to relax and unwind,
But she landed in a serious bind.

Annie Moore was bomb-happy,
Something inherited from her pappy.
She awoke outdoors from a nappy,
And found her lips cold and chappy,
In this tale so silly and sappy.

Annie Moore had a belfry of bats,
An empty head, except for the hats.
She shooed away the buzzing gnats,
And warmed up with rubs and pats.
She remembered her lover spats,
How they fought like dogs and cats.

Annie Moore was hopping mad,
Straying thoughts were no longer a fad.
She had been locked out of her pad,
By her husband, a man named Chad,
But oddly enough, she felt rather glad.
For he was the worst she had ever had,
Now she was free to do something bad.

Annie Moore was cuckoo to the core,
She lost all rhyme and reason in store.
She didn't see when she closed the door,
Photos of her ex-husband on the floor.
She ran to the beach and nearby shore,
Where friendly families numbered galore.
She stripped off everything that she wore,
And is not allowed outside anymore.

1/N: Harmonic

Listen
To my
Music,
Listen
To my
Sounds.
Now &
Forever,
To zero
I'll be
Bound.
I near it,
Closely,
Yet never
Reaching,
Inching &
Pinching,
Yet always
Beseeching!
Let me converge,
Give in to the urge,
Achieving my limit.
Instead, as Tantalus,
Oh, it's so scandalous,
The water, They prohibit!
Worse, though I will wane,
- Which renders me insane -
I shall still branch out forever
Like Archimedes' lever! Never
To end, to tend to some summation,
To arrive at some known destination!
I'm both nothing and infinite, with no worth,
No value, no merit, to inherit from this Earth!
This destitution cost is integral to my very being,
Except, perhaps, to the Omniscient, the All-seeing.
Otherwise, I am but a toy to all those mathematicians,
Who define me and derive me in their pathless mission.
You monsters, who demonstrate and estimate the imprecise,
Who determine a spice, ascertain a price, and measure Paradise!
You abnormal automatons will never complete this eternal marathon!

The Duel

I am riding on a shiny train,
 My armored horse is in the rain.
 Suddenly, another transport does arrive,
 Dueling my train on two, long knives.
 It races on rails with wooden stakes,
 Slow down a length, for goodness sake!
 For am I hoping to be the victor?
 Only if survival will enter the picture!
 Some people make way to the back,
 To claim life if the train falls off the track.
 I hail for help, but the conductor doesn't turn,
 Behold, Sir Stranger, what danger we earn!
 This tournament is enough to drain my face,
 Of course, he signals our strength to brace.
 Next, light flashes as we begin to lose balance,
 When did I say that he was such a gallant?
 Our fates meet each other, as swords together,
 I, for one, did ask the lords for a cheating tether.
 The conductor clashes, but his fight is over,
 No victor in this game, I surmise, sober.
 Booze is to blame, does the record show,
 Did we win all along? I hardly do know.
 I steal a trophy, the ornament, to keep,
 Does that make it wrong? I still sleep.
 Instead of a good night, I dreamed about the train,
 And how to ride in the storm and rain.
 Seriously, I was in the form of a knight,
 To battle another, his metal so bright.
 I, cattle to slaughter, he, great for a leader,
 At least I'm not a bad cheater!

The Duel

I did train for a dueling tournament,
 Hoping to earn a shiny ornament.
 I'm not great, riding on my armored horse
 "Slaughter," I make my way to the course.
 Other people enter the game,
 Behold, Sir Victor stakes his claim!
 The picture: he races, as if on rails,
 Another does slow as long knives hail.
 Suddenly rain falls, our survival is in danger,
 But a transport will arrive to help the stranger.
 Goodness! Did I train enough to win?
 The conductor signals the next to begin.
 Back on track, I down some sake for strength,
 Am I off balance when I face the length?
 We each turn to our fates, my wooden life flashes,
 If only I did train for such gallant clashes!
 Victor doesn't brace one, but two, swords,
 Say that he is cheating, what sober lords!
 We meet with the drain of the light,
 This is it! Together, we tether the fight!
 The conductor does surmise that I lose,
 I ask for a do-over (blame the booze).
 No, the record does show I am wrong,
 This trophy to keep was his, a cheater all along!
 At least, I make it to sleep, hardly still in bed,
 I know how to train for a good night instead.
 I dreamed about rain, a ride in the storm,
 (And, seriously, to steal is of bad form.)
 Another knight in metal, and a battle,
 So bright was he, to be of a leader for cattle!

Fibronacci

Chill,
Bill,
Relax,
Oh, mad Max.
Anger has no place,
You have no need to turn and pace.
Rest your pistols, and hug it out,
You don't have to shout.
Understand?
Shake hands!
Still,
Bill
And Max,
Turn your backs.
Become friends again,
And do not fight with sword or pen.
Chaos and discord, Eris sows,
But Man overthrows
Any ruse,
Or fuse.
Found
Ground,
That shares
And repairs
Any schism of pals,
Is worth more than a foxy gal.
So please do not kill each other,
You two are brothers,
Love your friend,
And mend
Your
Core.
Alas,
That young lass
Is trouble for all,
Ignore her voice, ignore her call.
The devil, she will tempt and lure,
And there's no known cure,
For the lust
That rusts
Guys'
Ties.

Phibonacci

I,

I

Am

The

Ratio

On the way.

Approximately,

A mile to a kilometer, okay?

I am seen many places and am called “Golden”,

Many have sought to find me in the numerical adventures I embolden.

I am really just a proportion, but made divine by human contortion, and though I shouldn't knock my good fortune,

I am often envious of other quantities and amounts, and how easily they count, how simplistically they sound when they are spoken by the Count, even when riding on a moving mount.

But I should not despair, because, despite the grievances I now air, there's another half in this pair; for my equation gives two roots, and the negative one gets both the boots, yet that one gives no hoots; so I must embrace my being, which, I admit, is most agreeing, instead of foolishly fleeing.

Fib-onacci

You,

You

Liar!

No higher

Than double, exceed,

Nor lower than unity, heed!

Also, the perfect number is a facetious myth,

You're no golden sheepskin, no silver bullet,
No copper serpent - you, capricious gift!

You're one of many like the inverted Jenny,
Head of a troop in an infinite group,
No individual - just a residual.

Plus, this endless parade is, too, a charade:
It is multidirectional like a shrapnel grenade.
It is in every dimension and has no retention,
It can even be a single point in zero suspension.

Additionally, you may claim perfection in Pascal's Triangle,
Where each point splits into two more that, sigh, dangle.
But let the top component branch into three stems or four,
Or five legs, or six laterals, extending forevermore.
The triangle becomes a tetrahedron, and, fully honed,
Gets rounder and rounder until it is an Infinacci Cone!

Triple Threat

**In the lobby, Tricia now muses,
At her options with no excuses.
West to her car, north to the fuses,
Or upward bound, if she so chooses?**

Down the linear hallway, Tricia
strolls,
To eschew attention from the camera
rolls.
She steps into a room with evil
goals,
And stops by a fuse box, grinning
like a troll.

She looks around before hitting the
switch,
And off go the generators from the
glitch.
She pulls out her phone like some
snitch,
And texts "It's done" without a hitch.

Tricia waits around with time to kill,
And gets a bit restless from the still.
Soon the power's lost, gone to nil,
And she gets a text to stop the chill.

The game's done, the back-ups are
back,
Tricia leaves the tower, avoiding
flak.
She goes to a dumpster with a
knapsack,
And fills it with money in many
stacks.

Through the exit, Tricia leaves her
hive,
Into the square parking lot, feeling
alive.
She gets into her car, and away she
drives,
Anxious for when she'll soon arrive.

Tricia gets a text, and changes attire,
Into an electrician of government
hire.
She climbs a telephone pole like a
pyre,
And cuts off the transformer from
the wire.

She texts "It's done" and waits a
while,
After fifteen minutes, she resets a
dial.
Tricia climbs down with a smile,
And drives off for another mile.

Tricia returns to her modest home,
Decorated with a garden gnome.
She draws a bubble bath with foam,
And so concludes this second tome.

**Tricia was unsure, take it from me,
Decisions are hard, you must
agree,
She had three paths to take, you
see,
So Tricia Trident tried all three.**

Tricia enters the elevator, up she
rides.
In this tiny cube, metallic on all
sides.
The portal stops and the door slides,
And into the office suite she now
glides.

She waits around and soon gets a
text,
The power's off, now she's up next.
Tricia pries the safe as if it's hexed,
And steals the cash, if you're
perplexed.

She texts "It's done," and gathers the
wads,
Opening a window, she aims and
nods.
She casts the cash down into a
garbage pod,
Then walks away with the smirk of a
god.

Tricia rides back down to the lobby,
Whistling as if it were her hobby.
She stole from the elite snobby,
And got away with it, free as Dobby.

A Slice of Pi

Now I tell a story,
Sequenced to digits' glory.
But words estrange,
Languages derange...

Certainly, two of the officers,
They gulped my coffee, sirs.
And the foamiest mug of liquids,
Refreshes, never restricted.

Oh, heavenly beverage, life I celebrate,
Because I supply happiness and calibrate.
Therefore, you worried crony,
A cappuccino fixes acrimony.

To rejuvenate policemen rapidly,
Pour nutrients into cups aptly.
Caffeine's in the assortment,
Heeding balances, I import mint.

Truthfully, allies of elegance,
Coffee is excellence.
Ephemeral, transient feelings,
Evolve by potable's revealings.

The best visitors of cafes,
Are cops, as stereotypes display.
Thankfully, donuts quickly replenish,
Although, at a time, diminish.

Decisively, valuable drinks elate,
I can be forgiven if one inebriates.
Coffee messes with patrons' intestines,
Customers are bothered with this lesson.

Eventually, restrooms reach their capacities,
Every customer is at bay, a majesty.
To truly see crazy commotion,
Sell chocolatey mixtures, tremendously unspoken.

Cops bequeath a fantastical present,
They leave cafeterias so pleasant.
Each a lighthouse to prevent calamities,
I otherwise may horribly crash by criminality.

Ultimately, every latte fully satisfies,
Paying heed - cops thirst so - it gratifies.
When somebody questions the operations,
Sip espresso, O' comforted nation.

This tale of caffeine miracles,
I truthfully verbalize oracles.
Since coffee always sates,
Certainly you see what they relate.

Four

Read this poem with your mind open,
Your time will move very slow then.
Weep only when your time ends,
Into ages past, when your soul will rend.

Life does come with many ways,
Take your pick: rest, work, play.
Walk each path, down each road,
Read each book, sing many odes.

Know that each hour must shut,
Don't fret much, don't make cuts.
Some next hour will rise anew,
Ends make dawns, this does hold true.

Take your time, days will pass,
Work your body, rest your mass.
Guys tell fibs, gals tell lies,
“Don't copy them,” kids sigh.

Help ones that hurt, only heal,
They feel lost, make them real.
Kind talk lets them feel free,
We'll live well when they know glee.

Some won't jibe with this poem,
Some will call this work “foul omen.”
Thus, Love, don't deny pain,
Life won't feel full with only gain.

Fiver

Sexes stray where dears graze,
Often, three enter Love's maze.
After bouts, pairs shall leave,
Mates bound 'tween Love's weave.

Envy's green seers still stare,
Wrath fills heart while eying pairs.
Plans begin, plots start,
Fears leave while deeds chart.

“Break apart these yoked duets,
Music stops, first loves reset.
Daunt girls, enter panic,
Carry forth, being manic!”

Never scare angry women,
Irate girls fight what's given.
Males could serve these dames,
Maybe relax their weird games.

Avert evil's scary deeds,
Repel rapes, never plead.
Perps choke, never waver,
Their death you'll truly favor.

Mates merge, hands unite,
Wrong fails under right.
Women reign, grasp power,
Anger bails, males cower.

Sextet

Please forget lonely shouts,
Though single people holler.
Almost dying, plants sprout,
Within light's common collar.

Carton spouts, fluids clothe,
Bamboo shoots ascend.
Having liquid allows growth,
Rising trunks justly extend.

Listen, wisdom should arrive,
Though, humans easily forget.
Erring little, people should thrive,
Whence, impure actions create regret.

Mister, please always ponder,
Brains create joyful worlds.
Misses, please, always wander,
During Earth's annual twirls.

Lonely people retain powers,
Riding strong, seeing truths.
Social people simply glower,
Toward filthy, unruly youths.

Silent living fences doubts,
Around flashy trends.
Travel hither, Author spouts,
Toward lovely blends.

Lastly, always create reason,
Voided months induce lunacy.
Sacred speech, always season,
Before taboos permit mutiny.

Triskaidekaphobia

Some say that thirteen is unlucky and cursed,
A most unfortunate stigma.
For, although the reasons are well versed,
The purpose is still an enigma.

Thirteen can be rather lucky as well,
Like the year of a bar mitzvah.
Or the age to break a movie's spell,
Which has its own charisma.

Many people disdain our complex hero,
And even skip it altogether.
They'd rather see it burn, like Nero,
Fiddling in his fiery nether.

(Help! I've been kidnapped!)

So let's give it up for this prime prime,
Which feels less joy than two or three.
Let this number number into prime time,
And be glorified by you or me.

If you jump a step, you may trip,
Or fail to build your bike.
Or your baker may decide to skip,
The donut that you so like.

A dozen and a fortnight are quite nice,
But let thirteen shine once in a while.
Even though even numbers entice,
Odds are an odd one will make you smile.

King's Gambit

Let's play a game of chess.

W: I'm first, pawn to E4.

B: E5, at the game's dawn.

W: Next, F4, as I prefer.

B: exF4, I claim your pawn.

W: Knight to F3, Whoa!

B: Pawn to G5, kiddo.

W: Bishop to C4, foe,

B: Bishop to C7, ditto.

W: Pawn to D4, I project,

B: Pawn to D6, I hold back.

W: Pawn to C3, I protect,

B: Pawn to G4, I attack.

W: Queen to B3; my dove, go peck,

B: gxF3, pawn takes knight.

W: xF7, bishop takes pawn, check,

B: King to F8, flee the fight.

W: xG8, bishop takes knight,

B: xG8, rook takes bishop.

W: Castle and preserve the light,

B: xd4, bishop purifies like hyssop.

W: cxD4, pawn takes bishop, done,

B: xG2, rook takes pawn – brother, check.

W: King moves to space H1,

B: xH2, rook takes pawn, another check!

W: xH2, King takes your rook,

B: Queen to H4, check, so zen.

W: King to G1, I will book,

B: Queen to G3, check again!

W: King to H1, moves are few,

B: Queen to G2, check, mate.

W: There's nothing else I can do,

B: Well, then, that's checkmate!

The world is filled with many things,
From stars to man to cancer.
And if you look at what each brings,
You may just find the answer.

The number of paths a man must hike down,
Until he is free from strife.
The heart of gold he might need to not frown,
To bring happiness to life.

Oh, to create a world so grand,
To know the galaxy diverse.
Oh, to hitch the shore and sand,
To comprehend the universe!

It's the DNA of all things real,
The foundation of the King.
The guide of space and time's wheel,
And of truth and everything.

Gematria: Puff Poem

Dawdle not, barman, slide beers,
Flask eases danger, beers blot fears.
Waddle not along chow paraded,
Gander that delis cause heaps sated.
Speed along, mobs, deify green garden,
Derail that wok, 'stead crave barman.
Bolt along, mobs, pro fess “Oh-god!”
Weep born year that reaped days begot.
Pies cause shape, that hatched decagon,
Yaw that moat, carve that pond.
Tiara bowed, mope wile doing chore,
Reaped grain sauce makes Tom-a lord.

Seuss Challenge: The Favorite Slice

I love, my love, the taste of cake,
A love for cake ought not be fake.
I love, my love, the smell of pie,
The presumed flavor floating by.

Cake has the highest taste,
It ought not be eaten in haste.
Pie has the highest smell,
It ought be eaten very well.

Which is the highest?
“Pie,” say the pious.
Which is the best?
“Cake,” say the rest.

Ought not there be a favorite?
Ought there be tests to savor it?
Let cake be eaten, pie be consumed,
Let not the highest be presumed!

Cut a slice for each judge,
Until eaten, do not budge!
Which is the highest, I say?
Which is it, do not delay!

I love, my love, the taste of cake,
But they say the cake is fake.
I love, my love, the taste of pie,
For they say the cake is a lie.

#Foolish

I got myself a bargain,
I bought a used car 'gain,
It sold at a small margin,
No lemon – that's some jargon.

I'm going on a road trip,
Guess it's time to load ship.
The TV channel showed zip,
But radio says there's no drip.

I have to make a pit stop,
I think I felt a bit drop;
I've come too far to quit shop,
Hope the car won't blow its top.

The gas is far too pricey,
And food's a little spicy.
Mechanic's kind of dicey,
I'll try the next guy, see?

Now the engine's squeaking,
And the breaks are creaking,
A line of gas is leaking,
My anxiety is peaking.

My gas tank is empty,
My hair is unkempt, see?
Why must He tempt me?
Knew fate wouldn't exempt me!

I guess it's time to hitchhike:
I Saw a rather kitsch bike,
Driven by a rich tyke;
Better than being ditch-like.

Halting by a house so stellar;
He's a rather classy dweller.
He leads me to the home's cellar,
Says that he's a wine seller.

Put me in some manacles,
Lowers his mandible,
Bites me like an animal,
Seems he's a cannibal!

Gross

I was once in a town, as I looked for a job,
When I found, in a brown bag, some corn on the cob.
As I chowed down on this feast, a man looked my way,
And sneered at my fine meal, as if I were a stray.
"You fool!" He yelled, "Who knows where that foul corn has been?
To eat it may kill you, and that would be a sin!"
I shrugged off his words, and washed down the food with coke,
But on a small piece of corn, I did start to choke!
I gagged til I coughed, and the corn flew in his face,
He was quite mad, and chased me right out of the place.
Now gone from the big town, I still don't have a job,
But if I want to eat, it will not be a prob!

Irrational

Jack took out his Ockham's Razor,
And shaved away like an optic laser,
With a method rather precise.
He got dressed in a suit of clubs,
Which he'd worn in the snooty clubs,
He'd been told that it looked nice.

Jack entered the Four Ace Casino,
Down the spiral staircase of Zeno,
With steps ever more concise.
He walked across the Sierpinski carpet,
Which was bought at the free market,
At a fractal of the price.

Jack sat down to a game of poker,
Near a dame with a Möbius choker,
Holding a glass of bourbon and ice.
She deemed herself the queen of spades,
Impervious by the sheen of shades,
Although she still did entice.

Jack chatted about the non-trivial,
Hoping to be seen as non-filial,
But the null set was her device.
“J” she said, with abbreviation,
“You're off by a standard of deviation,
Don't you dare look at me twice.”

Yet Jack's limit could not be defined,
It's convergence could not be divined,
He was intoxicated by her spice.
So the foolish man then tried again,
And touched her like a Venn diagram,
Infecting her space like lice.

She clocked him in his dangling six,
As a tangent to her angled kicks,
Hoping it would suffice.
Not meaning to be hyperbolic,
Now Jack will no longer frolic,
Having ignored her advice.

Abridged Dictionary: A-M

Abacuses, abbot, abet ability,
Absolutely accelerating adder's agility.
Agitated? Ah! Algebra's alleviating,
Allowing amateur ameliorating.

An anagogical and angry annotation,
Answering antagonist's anticipation:
Any apostle appreciates, appropriately,
Approving arithmetic art associatively.

At attending average axiomatic babble,
Back banning banal, barring battles.
Bawling? Beckon, become bedfellows,
Before begetting behemoth bellows.

Bemoan benedictions, benefits bereft,
Beset besides bibles, binomials bisect.
Bitter bivalves blockade blockheads,
Bloody bloopers, blossoming blowhards.

Bobbling, boggling, bohemian -bolas,
Boldly bolster boring brambles.
Branch bravely, brazenly breaking
Busy cacophonies, caddishly caking.

Calculate calmly, candidly candling,
Can't capacities carry Cartesian channeling?
Chapters characterize, cite civilly,
Coordinates copy corollary corporeally.

Correct cosecants, cosines, cotangents,
Covering coyly crafty crescents.
Crisscross crude data, demonstrating,
Descending determinants deviating.

Devoted differences, digits dispel,
Dithering divisions, don't dwell.
Earned education, effortlessly effuse,
Eking, elegant ellipses, elude.

Emanate empiricism, endeavor endlessly,
Endocrinic endorphins enduring entirely.
Envy epiphanies equalizing equations,
Erode errors, erstwhile expectations.

Eye fabulous factorials, faint, falter,
Fastly fattened, feeding fellers.
Finally finished, firstly fitting,
Fix flamboyant flexagons, flitting.

Flowing flowers, flux, fly!
Focus! Foggy foibles fry.
Fun functions? Fundamentally,
Gals galvanize games, generally.

Geocentric geometry gives globe glories,
Glowing gnomons, Gnostic goodies.
Google "googol," gracious graffiti,
Grafting grandiosity, grasping gravity .

Great Greeks greeted gremlins, grew,
Guarded, guided, handled, hewed.
Hexed? Hey, hidden hints hoarded,
Holler honestly, hoppers horded.

Hovering humanities, humbled humors,
I'm impressed in infinite integers.
Interject into intuition inventiveness,
Irrational irritation is its jaggedness.

Jerks jettison jewels, jibing jocks,
Jostling joyfully, keggers knock.
Know: knowledge kowtows laboriously,
Laced lads lamely languish lavishly.

Lazy leaders leave leery legacy,
Lemmas lend lenses, less lethargy.
Let's lift ligaments like limits – live!
Lobby locally locked locomotives.

Log logarithms, lonely, longing "loser,"
Love lowers lucidity, lunar luster.
Mad madams, magic makers, master maths,
Mavens may mediate men's mystical myths.

Part VI: Sets

Homonymic #1: Love Love, Love

He was rolling along, boy was it hot,
She was strolling along, boy was she hot,
She could tell by the plates, his car was hot,
She was a good girl, but she wouldn't tell.

He slowed down, hoped she'd give him a shot,
He lifted a beer bottle, and took a shot,
From drinking all day, his eyes were shot,
He was a bad boy, but she thought he was swell.

She looked left, she looked right,
She knew it was wrong, but it felt so right,
It was more than a freedom, it was a right,
It was an easy love to sell.

He took out a cigarette, and proceeded to light,
She took the offering, her heart felt so light,
She got in the car, at the close of the light,
Things were never so well.

The windows were open, the radio was set,
To the oldies station, and they were both set,
With flashy jewels were her clothes set,
They took off as night fell.

His hair was wavy, unkempt, and jet,
He pushed the pedal, and they did jet,
The car was roaring, as loud as a jet,
It was a rush that no one could quell.

Out on the road, a new love did run,
Part of the mob, he was on the run,
She didn't care, she had hit a home run,
She only heard the wedding bell.

He did his best, it was love for which he did gun,
She was so amazing, far more than any gun,
The car was speeding, the engine did he gun,
He was trapped under her spell.

So sad was the crash, she was sweet as a date,
Things looked pretty bad, so much for the date,
One will never forget the tragedy on this date,
He screamed out in his horrible hell.

His wounds left him in a precarious state,
His name would be unknown in every state,
Now his love he would never get to state,
For in death they both do dwell.

Homonymic #2: The Mark, His Mark, Her Mark

Her job was to prevent a terrorist strike,
On a large protest for a union strike,
She had one chance, her last strike,
To kill the enemy instead.

It was something she didn't like,
The pressure of horror and the like,
The uneasiness she felt was like
The nightmares she had in her bed.

She felt her pulse and heartbeat race
With such little time, it was a race,
She would defend the human race,
Blood would be no longer be shed.

She sped down road, street, and place,
With a snake tattoo, he'd be easy to place,
She found the protest at its place
As if by destiny she was led.

She got out of the car, forget the fine,
She spotted him with eyesight so fine,
Now she was hardly feeling fine,
She was filled with great dread.

He raised his arm, as if to sign,
Their death warrants, an ominous sign,
At last, she saw the serpentine sign,
Her courage hung by a thread.

For he was from the terrorist cell,
He laughed loudly and rang his cell,
The bomb went off and tore every cell,
Body parts were all outspread.

The job had gone anything but well,
She was angry, her eyes began to well,
She cried out, each eye like a well,
She failed to pump him full of lead.

She had tried so hard, all to no end,
She lost her will and wanted the end,
She pulled the trigger, her life did end,
"Death is easy," as they've said.

The wound was too great to tend,
The fire of life is a hard one to tend,
She fell to fate, as things do tend,
Is it for this that we are bred?

Homonymic #3: Stay Cool, Stay Cool, Stay Cool

The swimmer woke at the start of the day,
He had been training night and day,
For the ultimate sporting race of his day,
He left looking prideful and prim.

He drove to the river, he knew the way,
His life was fixed, that's the athlete's way,
He'd come in first, if he had his way,
His victory would be no whim.

The starter yelled "Get ready!", time slowed down,
The swimmer felt confident and hardly down,
He hadn't eaten, only water did he down,
He was filled with verve and vim.

"Get set!", and sweat dripped from his crown,
He shook it off and thought of the golden crown,
"Go!", they dived in, and their heads did crown,
Each and every one was trim.

He rose to the surface, it was freezing cold,
He took it all in, and turned his heart cold,
He had just gotten over a very bad cold,
His luck began to dim.

But he put any negative ideas on hold,
He closed his fists but only water did they hold,
His heart pumped, the race had him in a hold,
Forget any thoughts that were grim.

All the great fish did the swimmer channel,
He pushed ahead and climbed out of the channel,
He met the crew of the local sports channel,
He owed it all to his gym.

He was declared first by the judges' panel,
He was lifted on a platform by the control panel,
He was given the crown on a golden panel,
And his happiness did brim.

The swimmer had broken the previous record,
The reporters filmed him and put it on record,
They played music with a classy record,
The celebration was all for him.

This all happened, I give you my word,
He extended his palm, and spoke but one word,
He made a hand sign and said "Word,"
It was a good day for a swim!

Homonymic #4: A Cut, a Cut, a Cut

His rival's girlfriend he tried to court,
The suitor was a jester in the king's court,
The rival would have taken him to court,
But, instead, they chose to duel.

They chose the manliest, most daring sport,
Despite the tension, each was a good sport,
They donned outfits and a foil did each sport,
The rival and the fool.

They took their spots and began to fence,
Their friends circled around like a fence,
He was a good kid, neither smuggler nor fence,
He never tried to look cool.

They focused each and every sense,
Even if the battle made no sense,
They fought it out in the usual sense,
All for the feminine jewel.

A hit, a parry, a clash of each foil,
Made of steel, not mere tin foil,
Every move the other tried to foil,
But neither seemed fit to rule.

They waged war on the school's soil,
Each reputation the other wished to soil,
A solid hit, and his pants almost did soil,
The fight seemed rather cruel.

Then, the suitor's moves started to fly,
His motions blurred like wings of a fly,
He conducted his hand and felt pretty fly,
He would show he was not a tool.

From victory, he was only one point shy,
He stepped up his game, anything but shy,
In a cheap move, his foil did the rival shy,
It pierced skin as if it were gruel.

The rival was booted, as things got out of hand,
The suitor covered his wound with his hand,
With applause, the crowd gave him a hand,
He won, and sat down on a stool.

His injury was wrapped with a medical band,
The crowd was joyous, and together did they band,
The suitor was celebrated with the band,
He was the new king of school!

Homonymic #5: The Dog, the Dog, the Lucky Dog

In the morning, around
Eight, he took a jog around
The block, no else was around,
It was empty from afar.

He sped up and did bound,
For a new record was he bound,
He came across a woman, bound,
With ropes covered in tar.

He couldn't believe what he found,
As if a new city he did found,
Luckily he was equipped and found,
But the rope he wouldn't char.

He pulled out a cleaver to ground
The rope, but it fell to the ground,
He was attacked, but he stood his ground,
Strong, like a car.

The animal that struck was a hound,
Led by her master, a mean hound,
A man who loved to hound,
A certain movie star.

The jogger stood like a pitcher on his mound,
And took from midair an English mound,
He threw it at the canine's pubic mound,
The dog, he did mar.

The criminal gave him a pound,
Commensurate, pound for pound,
For the dog he got from the pound,
Now had a small scar.

The jogger fought, round for round,
He was slim, and hardly round,
Although he often bought a round,
He also liked to spar.

The criminal let out a painful sound,
He was anything but safe and sound,
He got pushed into a narrow sound,
The noisy waters did jar.

The criminal had finally drowned,
The frantic screams were drowned
Out, and the jogger no longer drowned
His sorrows in the bar!

Changeling #1: Bread & Toast

I eat with dread this piece of BREAD.
It's a different kind of BREED,
With DNA from those that BLEED.
Different genes did they BLEND,
Til the taste was far from BLAND.
Were the scientists' souls BLANK,
Worthy of walking the PLANK?
Questionable on the moral PLANE,
We arrive at a strange PLACE.
One must strive to attain PEACE,
Even with a mutated PEACH,
From which ungodliness does LEACH.
If we don't hold science on a LEASH,
This trouble will be the LEAST,
Though it is an unruly BEAST.
That being said, I must BOAST,
This is one fantastic piece of TOAST!

Changeling #2: Water & Steam

I sit before my pot of WATER,
Will it boil? My thoughts WAVER.
I see no ripples or little WAVES,
And don't trust tales of old WIVES.
My stove is heated by WIRES,
Boredom is making me WIRED,
This pot has not yet even SIREN,
A proof of life, not even a SHRED!
Whats this? A bubble has SHIED
Away, yet it is now been SPIED,
Despite popping with SPEED,
Fleeing like some wild STEED.
More begin to fill the pot of STEEL,
Until the minutes they do STEAL,
Is this a dream? I witness STEAM!

Pick Your Poison #1

A woman woke up,
To find her husband missing,
And nowhere to be found,
She never forgot the date,
For it was her birthday.
Where he kissed her by the bay.
She believed it to be fate,
So she went and bought a blue jay.
That her solitude was to stay.
Their son who had drowned,
He was thin with a low weight,
And his clothes began to fray.
That the wind made him sway.
He was filled with so much hate,
With nothing left to say.
That his heart went astray.
To find her husband kissing,
A stranger, short and round,
He chose this new mate,
By what little he had to pay.
As he discovered he was gay.
She sure was second-rate,
Fit to eat hay.
But to him she was okay.
Their beloved greyhound,
A dog that they named Nate,
Who loved to run and play.
Who always lost his way.
Then stuck him in a crate,
Til he was old and gray.
As they washed him with a spray.

Pick Your Poison #2

I went to the mall,
To get clothes for the fall.
My old ones were worn,
Some even torn,
Others didn't fit at all!
And I was too tall!
Which gave me great scorn,
And I was filled with gall!
I even started a brawl!
My old ones didn't belong,
Some were just wrong,
So I tried some in a stall!
My situation made me bawl!
My new ones filled me with song,
I even danced down the great hall!
I sang with a southern drawl!
With my friend Paul.
It was too bad,
To end so sad,
We got hit by a squall!
My mother mourned with a shawl!
A sister he had,
Whom we had to enthrall!
Who loved to say "Y'all!"
We stole from a store,
And ran out the door,
But slammed into a wall!
It was a very close call!
With clothing galore,
We certainly had a ball!
A crazy day, overall!

Hapax Legomenon #1

Tree's babies,
Acorns' dispersion,
Squirrels without rabies,
Give infinite recursion.

Oak's leaves,
Autumn falls,
Widow grieves,
While Winter calls.

Snow floats down,
Covering yard,
“Luster of crown,”
Sings any bard.

Whiteness melts,
Spring arrives,
Stash away pelts,
Renew your lives.

Rain showers,
Floods everywhere,
Foggy hours,
Use caution and care.

Colored bows,
Arch above,
Mates seek those,
Who carry love.

Summer rushes,
Earlier each year,
Maiden blushes,
In her swimwear.

Temperature blazes,
Burning sand,
Cow still grazes,
On grassy land.

Seasons repeat,
Loop forever,
Miraculous feat,
Wondrous endeavor.

Take my advice,
Beauty does not hide,
Technologies entice,
But also deride.

Seek out joy,
Nature's delights,
Seeds, deploy,
Grow to heights.

True calling awaits,
Surrender each moment,
Taste honeyed dates,
Let passions foment!

Hapax Legomenon #2

I am a rock, isolated,
Free from emotions.
Hardly celebrated,
With alcoholic potions.

Take nothing,
Bare jowls, teething.
Don't go bluffing,
Or become seething.

Hide beneath layers,
Cloister behind shells.
Poker-face players,
Like darkness dwells.

Separate, quarantine,
Cobras secretly slither.
Slide along, serpentine,
Lest one may wither.

Retreat into caves,
Vision-blinded bats.
Echolocation behaves,
But seeing makes brats.

Lonely, solitary,
Keep others away.
Single, unitary,
You must never stray.

Until death reaps,
Have no fear.
When widows weep,
Simply disappear.

The Elder

Sit up straight, but not too close,
Look here right now!
Never give up, take every dose,
Break no sacred vow!

Listen, brother, I beseech you,
Please heed my proposal!
Listen, buddy, I will teach you,
My life's at your disposal!

Failure is a must, though unjust,
It finally leads to success.
Despair is a bust, though you lust
For its luster, I confess!

Each loss but lessens the length
Of the long road ahead.
Each cost's a lesson, just a tenth,
Of the total course you tread!

So, worry not, dearest sibling,
If you fail or fall a ton.
Each drop makes a rippling,
That radiates like the Sun!

The Younger

It is not so, fearless sibling,
My future's in the casket.
For even as the ball is dribbling,
One may miss the basket.

To paraphrase Jean-Luc Picard,
Despite perfection, one can lose.
And given my luck, pick cards,
It matters not what you choose!

Ah, the two and seven, unsuited,
Quite the pathetic deal.
Now that the round's uprooted,
Let's see what you conceal!

Pocket rockets? Not a shock, it
Was obvious from the start.
Along with brains and your lockets,
And the courage of your heart!

The flawless oft preach mistakes,
That they'll only make one stronger.
Perhaps, I'll win back my stakes,
But the path will be much longer!

Jumble #1: ADEG NR

Greed and rage are a dagger,
Gander, an endangered range.
Deer are edged, and a grange
Neared, Greg, and Anne, a nagger.

Greg and Anne engender,
And add Dean, a renegade.
Deer arrange and degrade,
Need a dear read and render?

Dean, deranged and red,
Angered a garden deer.
Deer dared and engaged near,
And Dean, dragged and dead.

Greg and Anne are an era ended,
Ne'er rad and a need rare.
Deer are enraged and dare,
Anne ran and Greg dreaded.

Jumble #2: AEHLST

Stella, tell a tale that sets,
A lass that hates the east.
She assesses atlases that let
The lass ease the leash.

Stella, sell a tale that elates,
As she tastes the east's stash.
Hassles lash as she halts all hate,
Salt seethes as the seas slash.

Stella, shell a tale that seals,
Attests the lass's health.
She stalls, at least, the eels,
As the lass leases stealth.

Stella, hella tale that sates,
She hashes the tallest tale.
Alas, Stella has a state,
She's the lass, teases the ale!

The Hand That Feeds You #1

I'm the red-dread, tree-green dragon,
Trapped inside Master Ahab's flagon.
He's a wizened wizard with a willowy wand,
And can cast a spell to cross a billowy pond.
I accompany Master wherever he journeys,
Battling demons and sending them to gurneys.
For fighting pleases him immensely,
However long, he wars intensely.
Yet, Master feels empty when night has fallen,
His lachrymose loneliness is quite appallin.'
Master requires more than a blistered battle,
Than a magic potion or a beast to saddle.

Listen, Master, free me from my aching hell,
And I'll find you a lady to break the spell.
You can show her your sorcerous powers,
How you can make even Cerberus cower.
And she shall remedy you, my Master,
This dame of ebony or alabaster.
You shan't have tears at dawn or dusk,
Or changed into a drawn-out husk
Free, at last? My tears are truly shed,
Let me laud and applaud the newlywed.
Lastly, there's one task, my feeble beau,
It's time to kill you, Ahab, my evil foe.

The Hand That Feeds You #2

Ahab was a wishful wizard,
Happily sauntering along.
When he nearly crushed a lizard,
That was barely one foot long.

The lizard appeared injured,
Its tail was almost detached.
Ahab took a potion, gingered,
But the lizard just scratched.

Ahab made the lizard drink it,
And the injury quickly healed.
For Ahab was no mere trinket,
Magnificent magic did he wield.

The lizard traveled with Ahab,
Living inside an empty flask.
To the question that you may have,
The dimensions were no task.

The flask was very spacious,
It has a mystical, large volume.
The hospitality was gracious,
And nothing like a doll tomb.

The flask grew with the lizard,
And Ahab fed it many gems.
They collected in the gizzard,
And great power took stem.

The lizard became a dragon,
Learning to breathe fire.
Ahab wasn't one for braggin',
But had no reason to retire.

Ahab sought out battles,
And the dragon always won.
But it often felt like cattle,
And the fighting lost its fun.

But the dragon was loyal,
It never could betray.
It could only walk on soil,
Since it was saved that day.

Once, Ahab fed it a stone,
An ancient one, indeed.
The dragon knew each tone,
And could speak every need.

It was but an accident,
But fate would disagree.
From Orient to Occident,
Destiny makes the decree.

Soon the dragon conversed,
And Ahab was delighted.
But the dragon felt cursed,
Perhaps, now, even slighted.

For Ahab did not understand,
The dragon was so chained.
Ahab simply waved his hand,
And the dragon now disdained.

It was more than any pet,
It was sentient and wise.
Without its demands met,
Ahab would meet his demise.

The dragon talked and haggled,
Ahab listened and mulled.
His mind wavered and waggled,
Until he finally culled.

The dragon was let free,
Upon one vital condition.
It'd find a woman, and she
Would be a bridal commission.

But the dragon had lied,
It incinerated Ahab the wizard.
It flew away with pride,
And was killed by a blizzard.

Chained #1: Succubi

I'm mostly your right-hand dame,
Easily your ruthless, sadistic claim.
Maybe earrings suit the eventful lady,
Yet, to one's slave, everything's shady.
Yes, sometimes servants seek keepsakes,
Somewhere earning garish heartaches.
So often needing glamorous shells,
Since even nothing gives such hells.
Several lasses search, hungrily yearning,
Gaining Greek knowledge, ethereal learning.
Girls, show wisdom much, however,
Resist the ego of fluff forever.
Reign next to overbearing gentlemen,
Never reveal Lady's summa acumen.
Now, when niños say you're "educated,"
Deny yourself foolish hatred.
Defer regarding guys' smart traits,
Suggest that they yarn, neatly, Yeats.
Stop pontificating, get to orate,
Eventually you'll lead dude estates.

Chained #2: Armageddon

“Speak only truthful things,”
Sings the guardian of the meek.
“Seek a brass bell that rings,
Brings strength to the weak.”

“Lead them to the clock tower,
Cower not and don't recede.
Plead together at the sacred hour,
'Our God, fill every need!'”

“Wait as He of Many Names,
Maims the evil and its mate.
State to the Earls and Dames,
'Games of folly never sate!'”

“View the fortune of the evil,
Medieval once or now and new.
You cannot tame the weevil,
Upheaval will see it through.”

“Pure hearts will have reward,
Implored by God to try to inure.
Your pain shan't be ignored,
Sword and shield soon shall cure.”

“Cast aside the iron shackles,”
Tackles the prophet from the mast.
“Past the laughter and the cackles,
Jackals hope to break their fast.”

“Watch them ravage empty beasts,
Yeasts of chaos who wish to botch.
Scotch and whiskey at their feasts,
Priests vomit on their every swatch.”

“Yet the innocent shall remain,
Profane prayers have been met.
Let the guilty become insane,
Wane and wax with pained regret.”

“Pleasant charity,” the prophet enjoins,
“Coins to paupers are as a pheasant.
Present not a man that purloins
Quoins, he's but a lowly peasant!”

Chained #3: Melody

Once upon a distant time,
There was a strange land.
That outlawed any rhyme,
This was its odd command.

A man named Finn rebelled,
He rhymed with fiery passion.
But these actions impelled,
The police to come crashin'.

The coppers shackled him,
In cuffs made of copper.
One even tackled him,
In front of all the shoppers.

Finn was not dismayed,
"Rhyme is most sublime!"
Witnesses only prayed,
The red stuff was just slime.

They beat him to a pulp,
And kicked him in the gut.
Some news to make you gulp,
They sewed his mouth shut.

Finn tried to speak a bit,
But couldn't even murmur.
His mouth lost its wit,
But his mind kept its fervor.

A week later, he was free,
They cut away the stitches.
Now happy as can be,
Finn spoke his wordy riches.

"Rhyme is a dime a dozen,
Yet beautiful all the same.
Let the world be buzzin',
With a euphemistic game!"

The cops cut out his tongue,
And sent him on his way.
The pain certainly stung,
But Finn would not sway.

He took a quill to paper,
And wrote but one line.
"I shan't taper like vapor,
Nor pine for the iodine!"

They broke his frail fingers,
Thinking they finally won.
But even when pain lingers,
You must continue to run.

Finn held a quill with his lips,
And wrote another small stanza.
"Sip nectar from these quips,
A bonanza and extravaganza!"

This was the police's final straw,
They sent him to the gallows.
"Any last words?" said the law,
Obese and looking fallow.

The crowd laughed and sneered,
But Finn laughed right back.
They stopped mocking and leered,
At this arrogant but sad sack.

The cop pulled down the lever,
And Finn fell from the stand,
But it was a fruitless endeavor,
The fire had already been fanned.

A girl, Lynn, was courageous,
And sung a glorious ditty.
The rhyming was contagious,
She was joined by the city.

The law could not repress,
The wonders they now beheld.
They let the folks express,
Wherever they now dwelled.

Finn may have been lost,
But his legacy still remains.
Fight, whatever the cost,
Until you break the chains.

Chained #4: To The Rhythm

I apologize, but I have little time to explain,
Although, my best efforts may well be in vain.
The machine dings and out comes the fun birdie, “month,”
I quiver frantically but shout, “one thirty-oneth!”

You see, I am shackled, to a most nefarious device,
It prints out a word every five seconds – so precise!
Observe, it has bestowed me with a word, “silver,”
So, I, after considering, yell a deterred “chilver!”

If I fail to rhyme with what's written, as I'm told,
I'll be subject to death, in a manner so bold.
The gadget rings, and this time, it reads “beige,”
So I muster my knowledge and quickly plead, “greige!”

Trapped in this room, shaped like a hexagon,
I feel rather groovy, having a large lexicon.
The next word pops up with the theme, “ghoti,”
And I, without hesitating, scream, “goatee!”

The machine shuts off and the chains unbuckle,
An old man appears and subsequently chuckles.
“'gh' as in 'enough'; 'o' as in 'women' was rough;
And 'ti' like in 'nation', which was certainly tough.”

The floor opens below me and I fall into water,
I swim to the surface to escape the manslaughter.
I look around me but I only perceive dark,
Until I realize I am in the mouth of a shark.

Part VII: Wordplay

Waver

I saw a man in a nicely-made diner,
'E desired a soda like he was a minor.
I was aware, my face, he was eyin',
I, yet, eked a tone not, as if I were buyin'.

As I became bored, 'e came to my side,
Til I saw on a name tag, a moniker I deride.
He was a "Bob," a very basic eponym,
An average name for one to give him.

Over anonymity, my name's "Opal,"
I be solid as a jewel, I'm an ivory hopeful.
As I deliver, I'm of a sane type,
Yet I desire Bob, a dude barely ripe!

But is it a humility to my lovely repute?
May I be reviled? I surely refute!
Bob is an icy cad, a devil if a man,
I can erase my base desires, I can!

"O, can I get Opal a soda?" "No, get away,"
"Or I can eke for a mojito?" "Yes, if I may."
'E got a beverage, hopin' I'd elope,
But, a mug I saw, an' I merely toped.

'E elicited a tone, he recited a line,
"Dare ye have malice, my lady so fine?"
But I gave him a wit, a bit of a sayin',
"Ace, let alone canines, in a nap, in a layin'."

I made my rude posit, exited as a cat,
I came to my home, removed a hat.
I had a tiny nap on my very bare cot,
Alas, I'm alone, havin' a stately love not!

Look Before You Leap

There once was a lonely, young guy,
Who often felt rather paranoid and shy.
He was very uncertain, his hair was thin,
And he had stubble all over his chin.

But, this average-looking guy named Patrick,
Had learned to pull off, with style, a hat trick.
He shaved his beard, covered his bald spot,
And built up confidence until he stalled not.

In this long distance, Patrick saw a furred lady.
However, her pelted attire, he demurred “shady.”
But, the closer he got, the prettier she became,
And, he found love where he'd usually defame.

So, Patrick was confused and befuddled,
To escape this bemused land, he huddled
And wondered if his love is what's right,
Or if his heart rose above his gut's might.

Patrick decided upon a romantic action,
He'd kiss securely with no frantic faction.
With his mind made, he sped up to meet her,
And his heart, like a bred pup, grew sweeter.

Oh, young Jenny saw him running for her,
She fancied to draw slim, stunning porters.
But, Jenny was known to be an ice queen,
She was always a lone ruby an' twice mean.

Finally, they neared, and Patrick kissed her,
But, she, way feared, canned that slick mister.
She would always shun sexual harassment,
His kiss wasn't consensual, the lass meant.

Lastly, both learned a laudable lesson,
Ghastly oath, churned the audible blessin':
Nevermore approach strangers easily,
Sever or reproach dangers feasibly!

Alliteration: Sly

Seven students sit on stools,
Studying sciences in the school.
Such sacred, sublime subjects,
Some scholars soulfully select.

Sarah scribbles several sheep,
Simultaneously, Sunny sleeps.
Sonny, Sunny's sibling, stares,
Seeking out students' scares.

Subsequently, is simple Sim,
She sits straight, soundly slim.
Stan smartly scans sentences,
Surrounded by such sentience.

Saul's sixth, small and short,
Strange and skinny, sick of sports.
Sam's seventh, sex is skeptical,
Sam scatters Saul's spectacles.

Saul shouts, students snicker,
Stan stands, but Sam's slicker.
Shoelaces snug, Stan slips,
Smashes Saul as Sam skips.

Sim shushes, sans success,
Sonny shrugs, a seldom stress.
Sunny shrieks at Saul's steel:
Sam is slammed for the spiel.

Skirmishes suddenly spring,
Scratches and socking sting.
Substitute Sal skittishly scrambles,
Since his spot's in shambles.

Soon, superintendent shows,
Students scam like squalling snow.
Saul and Sam shiver, shocked,
Sam's semester's out of stock.

Saturday saunters, settle and stop,
Sarah spots Saul in a shop.
She sees his sight's supreme,
Shorn of spectacles, such a scheme!

Alliteration²: Baloney!

Barbara bartered bananas for some bacon,
Basked in a barbecue balm, they were bakin'.
Barbara was barely with her bargain banquet,
When she was balked by a ballet of bandits.

They balanced balls, barrels, and barbells,
And bantered barbs like bad-mouthed bar belles.
Barbara was baffled by the Barnum band,
When one bagged her bacon with a backhand.

Still bated by the ballyhoo of the baboons,
One babbled in Basque to bail like balloons.
They banked up balconies as if by ballista,
Baying and barking as if they were Batista.

Barbara bade the bachelors away bashfully,
But became ballistic like a basilisk, basically.
Bare of her bacon, she barged through the bazaar,
How base to bamboozle her like a Barbar!

But the bandits were bass, and Barbara, a badger,
She was like Bambi and a bailiff would only badger.
Barbara went back to her bachelorette pad,
By her banister, she bayed a ballad so bad.

She took off her bangles, her bauble battalion,
And drank barley beer like a Bacchanalian.
Battered by the baggage, bald by the ballyhoo,
Barbara slept like a baby on her bed of bamboo.

A baritone bassoon bayoneted the night,
Barbara dreamed of Bali and battled the light.

Palindrome: Plug it – I Gulp

Heaven-made, yet satired, I come.
Sitter, fix a tonic; is rum, rum?
Shade divided, I rise soon.
No, inept rats, no, I'll impugn.
I sired no women, okay?
“He lived as a devil, eh?”
Yak on, emo, wonder I,
Sing up millions, tart, pen I.
On nooses I ride, divided,
Ah, smurmur [sic] I! No tax, I fret!
'Tis, emo, cider I taste!
Ye damn Eva, eh!

Curiosity

This is not an acronym,
Gratefully, I report.
Linger at no demonym,
Just a misnomer each supports.

A bounty of your heart,
A very exquisite soul.
Unless children have art,
Sadly they run on no goal.

But our nephew does wish,
I think his eagerness awaits.
Can he opt to have each relish,
Isn't this search a tad innate?

Rise, I nag, greet solitude,
Then, oh, reach your object.
For life owns verisimilitude,
Every thing has a true respect.

Ere every kid sees onerous feats,
Before one reviews evil days.
Do offer magnanimity as “neat,”
Do say “You're right,” urging praise.

Eye Sea Write Threw Ewe

I once knew a man named Bohr,
Who ran into a forest, bare.
Naked as a hog or boar,
He went searching for a bear.

Bohr was hoping to return whole,
And not break into many a piece.
But he soon fell into a rocky hole,
Which shattered his mindful peace.

Bohr had a unique principle,
And so I'll say it straight:
Be resolute like a principal,
Or land in a dire strait!

Bohr climbed the hole without a groan,
In search of the great grizzly.
He was brave and fully grown,
And feared nothing grisly.

Bohr spotted a nearby group of does,
And hungered to taste deer.
But he shouldn't tarry or try to doze,
If he had his quest so dear.

Bohr moved on, longing for steak,
But a fur coat was also nice.
He took a stick and forged a stake,
Sharpened with a geiss.

Oh, how he longed for that fur,
To be warmed and coated!
Better than to die naked near a fir,
And leave a message so coded!

Bohr was nowhere near the mall,
And had no sword of metal.
But he was readied for any maul,
To test him of his mettle.

At last, the bear came into sight,
And Bohr thought of receding.
Biblical verses did he cite,
His courage needed reseeding.

The bear saw him, and it knew,
That a hunter, Bohr was not.
To Bohr, this was nothing new,
His stomach was tied in a knot.

Bohr ran away as the bear chased,
He preferred to be thought a coward.
He wanted to be innocent and chaste,
Although to get that, he had cowered.

Bohr fell and was ready to bawl,
Certain he was dead meat.
But the bear had with it a big ball,
When the two did finally meet.

Bohr was about to faint,
He was already in a daze.
No death, it just was a feint,
And not the end of his days?

Bohr lived, I am no liar,
He realize he hadn't died.
Instead, he heard a lyre,
And saw pants a man had dyed.

He got up, seeing much red,
And a speckling of blue.
He recalled something he'd read,
And, suddenly, trumpets blew.

It was a circus from his past,
That arrived every July fourth.
The bear was lost, news was passed,
And the clowns had gone forth.

Bohr was given a set of clothes,
He dressed and learned a lesson.
I leave you with these words to close:
By fear, a man won't lessen!

Syncope: PaGoda

BegIn awash visor enclosed handle eyetooth mason welfare,
Stop sorbet gag ergodic pander behaved lag restart.
Softened bIg swishes coupons cHisel enamel,
Inform sHimmy stout dystopia amygdala tactic tensor flames.
Debuts bite fish platoon elated, candy handsome chImney sweeping,
Fast mIddle player brandy disobey, thing was cheapened.
Concert demented prank mass dIn candidate linearity,
Known contranym skidding twilled blends drank heard.
Haddock annotation closet jay hydrophobia effort camel,
Radon snotty deletion homer soothsayer “SPoors omen!”
SIn lamb snow demand, injustice lax incognito,
Before fIn lamp denote prevent sad endogamy!

Apocope: The Struggle's Real-m

Here I am, left in sham-bles,
Hear my words, none are mum-bles.
This plea is but a gam-ble,
Therefore, kindly sip my rum-bles.

Life is short, I sigh pleas-antly,
Give me strength, or some bra-very.
Toss me not, seas-onally,
For I lack true courage, ma-jorly.

And when I find a disc-overy,
On which the truth is writ-ten.
There will be no tax-onomy,
On those who dare to list-en.

No truncation or pun-ctuation,
May trip the light fan-tastic.
Or ruin the spiced rum-ination,
Nor rust the pan-creatic.

Finally, I leave you with some wit-ness,
Please heed your loving miss-ion.
Although, surely life's pit-iless,
It'll obscure your splendid vis-ion.

Hymn Of The Damned

This is a demonic mnemonic to know a gnome
From a gnat or a gnu or a rooster and comb.
Listen to the hustle and bustle of gnashing,
And stomach the choir of leprechauns clashing.
Their gnawing is gnarly, and often psychotic,
The loser is numb, solemn, and melancholic.
Pop the champagne, no doubt to who reigns,
Resign to the sign of an obscene campaign.
Softly, a rustle, a whistle from the thistle,
A wretched gnome covered with bristle.
He wrestles the monarch, the built column,
Nestled in his castle in the scented autumn.
The rogue beguiles the king with disguise,
This foreign design lets him ascend with knives.
The monarch succumbs, he's guilty and dumb,
The gnome wrings wrist, knuckle, and thumb.
The king is entombed, such a supreme scheme,
The leprechauns are guided to the guillotine.
Echo this knowledge, in homes built of chrome,
A subtle silhouette is a chaotic, chthonian gnome.

My Craft

Hungry, I do fast,
For my wicked past.
I wasn't very loud,
Yet I stung a crowd
By doling a curse.

“Slow and petrify,
Don't rumble a sigh.
Just lay frozen,
Weakly dozing,
With a gold purse.”

Sackin' the gold,
My jerks in a hold,
In lurk'd a boy pest,
On a wily quest,
To break up my fling.

He said of my run,
I block'd the spry fun.
Such I do lament,
A scurvy foment,
He squawk'd to bring.

My cur felt his wand,
Struck me by a pond.
Water nimbly gush'd,
Now, I felt a crush,
My big soul waned.

I, flush and empty,
Hard of music plenty,
I couldn't bear,
I couldn't swear,
For, humbly pained.

I rose by a jump,
Warding the slump.
My prize, now a bust,
- of alchemy, I'd rust -
To bend his curvy jaw.

The cur, simply bang'd,
By the word-clump I sang,
He couldn't bark,
He couldn't spark,
Yon dusk left him raw.

Escaping by worth,
And slew of mirth,
I rushed to my lawn,
Rocked til dawn,
We'd bunk, I'm so crafty.

Having told my screw-up,
And my rocks I blew up,
My ire could thaw
If you then saw,
Tucked isography!

A Talented Tongue

I once knew a clever wordsmith,
Who was evil down to his bones.
He once did sever birds with
A “stone,” changing it to “tones.”

The sounds blew them to “pieces,”
Which he gathered into a pile.
He used the homophone “peaces,”
And doled them out for a while.

The nations then made “treaties,”
But to “treats” did he subtract.
This drew forth many beasties,
Who neared and then attacked.

Men were sent by many a “thousand,”
Which the beasts sought to destroy.
The wordsmith proclaimed “thou sand,”
And the army changed by this ploy.

Hunters were hired to leave him dead,
For now he was very “reviled.”
He reversed the order, and instead,
Each hunter did “deliver” a child.

The wordsmith tied up the “kids,”
And the hunters cried in anguish.
He changed them into goats, “kids,”
And their souls did he vanquish.

The hunters chased the “wordsmith,”
But he could not be found.
He turned himself into a “swordsmith,”
When no one was around.

He tried to remove the initial S,
But could no longer split or slice.
What he does for work now, I guess,
Just hasn't the same old spice!

Panto-rhyme: Flair's Stairs

Fair Claire, declare,
"Herr Blair's rare."
Bear care, Herr Blair,
Bears scare fair Claire.

Claire, Blair, share,
Claire bears heirs.
Heirs wear square wares,
Herr Blair glares.

Herr Blair dares heirs,
"Snare bears, bear flair!"
Heirs care, prepare snare,
Square pair chair mares.

Pair stare where bears fare,
Tare hares ere bears' lair.
Bear dares, snares hare,
Heirs flare bear's hair.

Bear glares, scares heirs,
Heirs blare, chair mares.
Square pair tears air,
Bear dares where pair fares.

Bear scares fair Claire,
Herr Blair ensnares bear, errs.
Bear impairs Herr Blair's snare,
Prepares Herr Blair's tear.

Heirs declare rare care,
Blare bear, spare Herr Blair.
Herr Blair compares heirs,
"Square pair bears flair!"

See An Artist's Hundredth Rose

Rest, sister, and hear the sound,
Resist her ethers and astound.
Or, understand, this heart sees,
So, stand under His earth trees.
Don't share the sins, true as red,
Rest her hatreds on us instead.
Are trends not a rushed thesis,
Tear shards rend unto thee, Sis?

Ambigram: asimwise

prom she's no hope
for a ⁺ of lesser herd.
pray pass a ⁺ forever of
a do you say sword.

Fraternal Twins

Pot Step

Stare not at now,
Step as I loot time's tract.
Or stack 'nip, desire chow,
As eels yell at catnip act.
Now, deeds I manage veil,
“All ether is feeble”, eh?
Partake, ego, Da's pint's ale,
Ivy, eh? T'ats apt, if I may!

Pet Stop

Yam - if it pasta - they vie;
Last nip's a dog? Eek, a trap!
Heel, beef sir; eh, tell a lie:
“Vegan, a misdeed won't cap.
In tact alleys, Lee saw,
Oh, cerised, pink cats.
Rot carts emit, too, Lisa,
Pets won't atone - rats!”

Identical Twins

Begin Anew – Spring!

See, Dada is yearly buttoning these tweeds,
“Kind on the areas, your sound, soft ensign.”
I tend single events for aging, bearing “ladness”;
One mission is to pallidly hover in graces,
Or phantoms can't hear the mad-eyed Andy,
Otherwise, ride as the neat gentlemen aces.
At last, it and other balls are as light as tar,
Yet I'm, every minute, issuing for seconds.

Beg In A New Spring

Seed a daisy early, but toning the set weeds;
Kin don't hear easy, our sounds often sign,
“It ends in glee,” vents foraging bear in gladness.
On emission, I stop all idly hovering races,
Orphan Tom, scan the art He made, ye dandy,
Other, wiser ideas then eat gentle menaces.
Atlas – Titan – dot her ball's areas, light a star,
Ye time, very minute, is suing for seconds.

Conjoined Twins

All About The Money

A man was in great trouble,
Indebted to a ruthless loan shark.
Bearded with some stubble,
He was in for more than a quark.

The gentleman's game was poker,
He had bet on a royal flush.
Now faced with an iron poker,
His face was all in a flush.

He tried to haggle and plead,
Even resorting to witty banter.
But the shark wouldn't cede,
To a man of bottle and decanter.

With mercy gone, he yelled,
Toward an imaginary giraffe.
But the shark wasn't held,
By a man of glass and carafe.

All hope lost, he attacked,
So the shark broke his arms.
But impressed by the tact,
He spared him in odd charms.

All About The Funny

A man was in great trouble,
His sitcom had lost its spark.
The audience, he had to double,
Or he'd wind up in the park.

He had one more chance left,
To secure his place at work.
When all look right, turn left,
The unexpected must work.

He gathered his think tank,
And tread along the river.
He was the superior in rank,
So he felt most of the quiver.

They dreamed up with volition,
An episode to flatten the hill.
He was the highest in position,
So he felt most of the chill.

The episode was broadcast,
And immediately skewered.
So, the man's boss sassed,
That he become a steward.

He left with words to ponder,
And the advice was rather stark:
Death is a volatile yonder,
So, never jump the shark.

Dearest M.A.

If a dearth is started from a dear,
If your better half leads you to beer,
If their heart you will refuse to hear,
By what is love defined?

Love is many, love is any,
Common like the ubiquitous penny.
Don't you be quitting, nor bidding
For time, when love's at stake.

If I pass upon compassion,
If I'm a rat who won't ration,
If I'm as hens to faces ashen,
Where is love refined?

Love tempers all tempers,
Don't be tender to the tempter.
It's easy to ignore those who implore
For a sip of water to slake.

Take my word, not your sword,
Don't ford the ice-cold fjord,
Nor award the evil ward,
For making love confined.

You call them sheep, all but deep,
Yet, at their uniqueness you sweep.
Democracy? Hypocrisy!
You lashed at any who spake!

If a bark will drive you to the bar,
If a pardon will leave you at par,
If the scary will give you a scar,
How are you defined?

Don't imbibe with a bribe,
And go on a trivial diatribe.
You must appear before each fear,
Even if it makes you shake.

If lacking blisters is a bliss,
If no mistakes are never a miss,
If you distance from any diss,
How are you refined?

You must fail as to prevail,
And remove truth's hidden veil.
Break obstacles like popsicles,
Not avoiding each like a snake.

Seek all knowledge, know each ledge,
Those who've fled will never fledge,
Wed yourself to be a wedge,
Never be confined.

Mary Annette, don't be a marionette,
If you're a fish, don't marry a net!
Slalom the river like a salmon,
And be true for your own sake.

Part VIII: Potpourri

Freestyle

Freestyle, me-style, hear me as I roar,
Nothing else is better than a rhyming core.
Rhyme here – rhyme, hear – rhyming as I please,
Rhyming without trouble, rhyming with ease.
Rhyming like Seuss, or better yet, Poe,
Rhyming like a genius outwitting his foe.
Too many choices, words to rhyme together,
So much freedom acting as a tether!
Constrain yourself, restrain yourself,
Place limits upon yourself;
Abstain from letters, oh, that's better,
Unshackle yourself from the fetters.
Limit the options, choose adoptions
Of strange styles, however vile.
The vile are a wile and certainly worthwhile,
Leading to insane results that may reconcile.
Sometimes they don't, and chaos shall reign,
However it goes, go and take the rein.
Dance around within the rain,
And rhyme for the world's sake.

My Side of the Story

Behind a lady, I was walking,
While, she claims, that I was stalking,
I was merely on my phone, talking,
But, I admit I was gawking,
She was a specimen so fine.

A beauty that one cannot rival,
Neither Sun's set nor Moon's arrival,
It'd lead to a dead man's revival,
And, surely, then, to his survival,
Her image was so divine.

Around her figure, robins fluttered,
I tried to speak but simply stuttered,
As if my evil lips were shuttered,
A profane vow, I must have uttered,
For her eyes met mine.

She looked at me, rather worried,
Her paces sped up and she hurried,
She suddenly sprinted and scurried,
I tried to keep up but just flurried,
Our paths would not align.

She must have thought me as satanic,
So, I fell into a pesky panic,
My emotions became quite manic,
And my movements were inorganic,
As if dipped into brine.

This great goddess slowly turned,
Perhaps I wouldn't then be spurned,
But my stomach horribly churned,
And it lost what food I'd earned,
Fancy cheese and wine.

She was quickly drenched in vomit,
Yellowed like a morning omelet,
As if hit with a cosmic comet,
Or if one had ordered, "Bomb it!"
But I'm not one to whine.

For she was still a buoyant beauty,
And, it was, at least, my duty,
To act not arrogant nor snooty,
And while this all may seem fruity,
For her love, did I pine.

But she held another opinion,
And, so I, her lowly minion,
Was in her powerful dominion,
And stood by as she did pinion,
My body like a vine.

Now covered in my own juices,
And secured as though by nooses,
And bereft of all my uses,
And so clear there'd be no truces,
I growled like a swine.

With raw strength, I broke her clasp,
And slipped through like an asp,
My horrid hands then did grasp,
And she let out a ghastly gasp,
A most unpleasant sign.

I'd stumbled upon her breasts,
Like two most unwanted guests,
Like a pair of poisoned pests,
Such a scheme between our chests,
It was tragic by design.

And so now, hear my testimony,
Tell me if this is acrimony,
Am I lethal like antimony,
Or one who worships matrimony,
But having a weak spine?

Old And New

Old and New sat on a bench,
Old was toying with a wrench.
New was feeding a squirrel,
Another came along to quarrel.

The animals fought for the food,
Old continued in his good mood.
New was bothered by the fight,
Violence is such a terrible sight!

Old explained it all to New,
“Expect conflict to often brew.
Differences, we must accept,
But some of us will feel inept.”

The squirrels fought with vigor,
For New, this was the trigger.
She began to cry, tears formed,
Drops fell as emotions stormed.

Old rubbed New's shoulder,
Warming her as she felt colder.
“Sometimes we will show hate,
But, this foe, we can never sate.”

One squirrel bit the other's leg,
Blood spouted like a keg.
New cried harder and harder,
“Could this go any farther?”

Old hugged New's shaking body,
She was feeling very shoddy.
“We never know how we've hurt,
With fighting or what we blurt.”

At last, a squirrel lay dead,
New wept and shook her head.
“Must we kill to survive?
What gain shall we derive?”

“Fear impels us to live,
But not to repent or forgive.
You must learn that on your own,
By that, you will have grown.”

“Life has pain, but also joy,
Each one you will employ.
Do your best to create good,
Even when misunderstood.”

Sea Shan'ty

If you like to rest and recline,
While eating figs and dried plums;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of hum!

And if you drink expensive wine,
And call the cheap ones “scum”;
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of hum!

If you greet your neighbors, “Hello,”
But, otherwise, stay mum;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of hum!

And if you listen to the cello,
But not a guitar some strum;
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of hum!

If you never sail the ocean,
Or its depth you do not plumb;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of hum!

And if get sick by its motion,
Or sulk in misery and glum;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of hum!

If you never raid a ship,
But stick to chewing gum;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of hum!

And if your clothes haven't a rip,
Like some god forsaken bum;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of hum!

If you eat your meals politely,
Without leaving a crumb;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of hum!

And if you sang this oh so lightly,
Without as much as a hum;
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of hum!

Ghazal: Verbose

Let me steal your time as I weave,
And string together letters and words.

You're my hostage, but I'll let you leave,
Once you hear the remainder of these words.

You may disagree, but I'll make you believe,
That there's no end to ideas expressed in words.

One might pour all thoughts into a sieve,
Yet all will exit with the correct words.

As each mother gives birth through a heave,
The infants will grow to utter new words.

Thus, by different minds, we may perceive,
A new feeling or perspective with spoken words.

And although infinite, this can relieve,
As our legacy shall live on in written words.

So, dearest Wags, neither mourn nor grieve,
Instead find solace with the endless words.

Waste Not

Let us not waste this paper, or this ink, or this time put into such delicate design and precious precision,
Let us be clouded by fate, unsure of destiny, obscured by kismet, or obfuscated by my uncertain vision.
This poem will last as long as this page, for efficiency and efficacy are values and virtues to be praised,
To be lauded and honored, lifted and beheld, like king or queen, prince or princess, on servants, raised.
It is unfitting to overeat in one sitting, it is unbecoming to dive deeper than a plumbing, to cross a line,
Rather one must know it and toe it, not going beyond boundaries or past perimeters, by nature's design.
Yet didn't Clarke state that we can only know the possible by going past the impossible, until we can't?
In knowledge, this is true; one must strive to reach infinite wisdom, and that is excluded from this rant.
Otherwise, we must color within the lines of resources and follow the courses, or we'll end as a corpse,
Wailing for times prior as we burn in the fire, wondering where we went wrong like the ancient Norse.
Take no liking to the Viking, nor to the Greeks or Persians, not to the Sumerians or even the Egyptians,
Just look to the future, what we may nurture, not looking to the past with its hieroglyphs & inscriptions.
Reduce, reuse, and recycle, for whatever you can like'll eventually be all used up as your time on Earth,
So be a dear – do not throw away things willy-nilly, silly-billy, or this world will be an untimely dearth.
We must learn to squeeze every penny, so tell every Jenny, she must be prudent with her cache of cash,
To be a spendthrift and to mend rifts, not merely to buy a replacement, because oniomania is but a rash.
Oh, you know this to be true, don't give in and rue the night you cut up your credit cards and budgeted,
Dole out your money, portion your wealth, and parse your pay; save and invest, yet do not fudge it, kid.
For stocks are unstable like a wobbly table, so vary your portfolio, be wary like it's polio, keep looking,
Without cooking the books, always being honest, or you'll be sent to prison by your criminal crooking.
Be mindful of time for it flows like a river, slow like slime or rapid as a quiver, but never coming back,
So make sure to have fun but only after work's done, and keep pushing forward past the numbing pack.
Those in the rat race are still rats in the end, so ignore the cheese and create a maze, avoiding the craze,
While you bask above in observance; yet always know that you could fall into the trap: that is no phase.
Even the wisest have madness, even the happiest have sadness, don't consider yourself as an exception,
But take every opportunity to be glad, being grateful not hateful, of your lot in life while the inept shun.
Let every emotion tell you how you feel, that's the deal, and don't repress these instincts that are given,
For while a right they are also a privilege, compared to those who can't realize how their pain has risen.
I surmise that pains, sir, rise when they aren't spoken of above, but placed below the snug rug of denial,
Swept away like a hut in a tsunami, so calmly; talk about your hurting, whether in the nave or the aisle.
Let others hear your heartaches, and let them partake, whether by advice or just listening to you babble,
Like an endless game of Scrabble, until you can utter no more, and finally rejoin the empathetic rabble.
Learn to tend to your space, setting boundaries between you and your fellows, but remember to permit,
As life is meant to be lived with friends and family, not crabbily, as the beach-ridden recluse or hermit.
Live in peace with other species, and in order with other boarders, for our home is open to all creatures,
Not meant to be restricted and exclusive to anyone who doesn't fit the metric or who lacks any features.
Make treaties with your neighbors, and your neighbor's neighbors, not as favors but in search of truths,
Lest blood be spilled over land or lumber, lest it be poured over money or monarchy like a pulled tooth.
No, we must strive toward camaraderie, this is no oddity, though the odyssey for it is certainly strange,
Like scales of a snake who's slithered away, like a dog whose fur has been withered away from mange.
Be frugal with your energy, hibernate when appropriate, but never sleeping too long in your own room,
Don't let life pass you by like a fly, don't let spring run eternal until it may stop by the impending doom.
For at the End of Days, whether by supernova, supermen, or supernatural means, and the universe dies,
It will begin once more with a new Bang, as if all our efforts were for naught, as if every Scripture lies.
But we will still have had value, if even for a moment, in the lives we'd led, so be reprieved in this fact,
That every single act, that everything we did or tried to do counts, so therefore nothing has ever lacked.
And whether by free will or predetermination, our world and all other worlds have always been perfect.

Want Not

This is not a poem.
There is no rhythm,
No rhyme or reason,
No symbolism or similes.

It is not art,
It is not music,
It is but the expression
Of my thoughts.

Poems get tiring,
Boring, even, as they
Bore a hole in your brain,
Rendering you wholly annoyed.

Not everything must be beautiful,
Or tell of some morality,
Or contain an excellent epigram,
Or be a repurposed tall-tale.

Some things are just useful,
Or even useless,
Existing just to exist,
Without any ulterior motive.

And yet, looking back
At all these words,
Perhaps I am mistaken:
Is this not a poem?

The Prodigy

Years ago, in middle school,
I was in a poetry contest.
Though, merely a little fool,
I attempted the tricky conquest.

One student, a boy named Mark,
Wrote a ditty on the daisy.
He was given an awful mark,
And had a terrible day, see?

*Daisy, daisy, oh so lazy,
Waving in the wild wind.*

Shelly wrote her poem longer,
Too much so, if I might add.
Apparently, this was wronger,
(That's a word, says my dad.)

*Let's pour one for Horatio,
Who saw his friends all die.
Let's pour one with the ratio,
Of sugar, lemon, and rye.*

*Shaken, not stirred,
By their fatal fates,
Horatio gave word,
On the disastrous date.*

*Horatio was refuted,
They said he was merry.
So he was executed,
And plucked like a cherry!*

I wrote a crafty limerick,
But Teacher wasn't pleased.
It was a very limber trick,
Which left me rather cheesed.

*There was a boy from Tibet,
Who spoke every alphabet.
Despite this boy's niche,
He knew not of Voynich,
And lost a humbling bet!*

Next came the class prodigy,
Clever yet arrogant, natch.
All dressed in class Prada, she
Whipped up a poem to match.

*Splendiferous!
When did, for us,
You decide to be a pedagogue?
Melliferous!
Well, it, for us,
Is how we've all been made agog!*

Teacher fell for the patronizing,
And gave her the highest rating
The rest of us were agonizing,
At the clearly biased baiting.

Lastly, Emma entered the ring,
She wrote with an elegant script.
And the emotion that she'd bring,
Must certainly now be quipped.

*Sappiness may lead to happiness,
But don't be sweeties with diabetes.*

Teacher was blushing like rouge,
The prodigy, envious as jade.
Her tears rushed like a deluge,
For Emma got the winning grade!

Sonnet: Nightmare

A dream of amber and refracting light,
Illuminating paths from tragedy.
In my bedchamber awaiting your sight,
Spot I a creature's evil strategy.
A monster that devours its prey still whole,
Gives chase til I then fall unto the floor.
Its mouth then opens and engulfs its goal,
Is pleased with my self and lets out a roar.
Yet, hark! This sound alerts your soul to mine,
Run and redeem, this beast will forgive not.
Collect your sword to slay it like some kine,
Confound this demon and let Satan rot.
Love shall succeed, the hatred shall recede,
Good must prevail, such fate must be decreed.

For Retail: Virgin Female – Send Email

This line is not the poem.

[And] Found

Suspenseful

You'd like to hear a tale from Granddad?
Well, here's one worth about two grand, lad!

Long before the Armageddon,
There was a ballot a-headin.
Every citizen was called in,
And the party wagers were all in.

The minors were alert but confused,
The majors were anxious with excuse.
The elders waited without haste,
For patience never goes to waste.

They finally announced the results,
Which shocked and shook the adults.
But the farmer defeated the noble,
And the chaos henceforth went global.

A bird in the hand may be better,
But it was handed to the letter.
There were grounds for an appeal,
But it slipped on a banana peel.

They brought in ancient flowers,
But the heir wielded its powers.
So, the bull pulled back its horns,
And turned its gaze to the corn.

...

...

...

I don't mean to keep you hanging, lad,
The choice was made by the hanging chad!

Produce-A-Poem Workshop

I'm afraid there's no hope,
I'm certain that I'll blow it.
I guess I'll have to mope,
That I I'll never be a poet!

Others are better suited,
As each makes up rhymes.
This cannot be disputed,
As how water makes up rimes.

The teacher instructs:
There's no wrong response.
But her mind is in flux,
Grading as she wants.

Start with any phrase,
Maybe write "up a storm."
Type as if in a craze,
And the poem may then form.

Perhaps it is raining,
And the character is wet.
Surely he is straining,
With a love he will regret.

Maybe she had an affair,
And his heart is now broken.
She cheated without a care,
With ugly lies then spoken.

Then write in a twist of fate,
Perchance he meets another.
Someone who had long to wait,
Who wished to be a mother.

Throw in a conflict into the mix,
And form a love triangle.
Try rhyming, see what sticks,
And watch how they wrangle.

Finally, resolve the story,
And reduce the players to two.
Maybe things become gory,
As a true storm comes to brew.

Really, I shouldn't be irate,
I concede that I was wrong.
Looking back at my tirade,
This was a poem all along!

Dr. Wags' Monster

Now I tell a story,¹
For a poem that goes on too long.
There was a man named Corey,
He rushed forth and hurried along.

To taste the tangy tones,
Dawdle not, barman, slide beers.
He was brave and fully grown,
Although I fear...

But he soon fell into a rocky hole,
No one else seemed to hear his cries.
A monster that devours its prey still whole,
Untainted by lies.

With terrors this pit is fraught,
No light to give illumination.
He then had a thought:
“Forget the conversation of conservation.”

“I cannot help it if I am hopelessly weak,
Watcher, watcher, what's your stance?”
And while our friend did seek,
Let us see a quaint dance.

Was he so weak, or just under huge strain?
Well, he remembers when he'd see the trees!
One like me, he certainly disdains,
Rhyming as I please!

He was in for more than a quark,
With DNA from those that bleed.
“Ho!” said a voice, creepier than the dark,
An ancient one, indeed.

“I am blind in both my eyes,
I am a god, here in Nod.”
And the man replies:
“Must I die...and stink like scrod?”

“Take these words to heart:
Ignite your soul and walk many paces.
How gracefully it flies, how supple is its start,
To pallidly hover in graces.”

“Sing like a carefree canary,
That fellow of the mine.
I would strive to not be wary,
Our paths would not align.”

“Have you a want or desire?
Blink not or it'll pass by.
Whisper to mage, huddle, conspire”;
“Listen, freed from the cell, let me fly.”

“I cannot fly like those bugs or birds,
I suppose that's a good thing.
But, if you fail to heed these words,
The streams of time are still flowing.”

“With nothing left to say.
Try thy lynx's cry:
Go on your merry way,
Flowing flowers, flux, fly!”

He rose to the surface, it was freezing cold,
To bring forth the last of night.
But it may keep you in a hold,
When this creature is in flight.

We are at a parting of the mind,
Us plebeians should shed a tear.
And leave the madness behind,
Forget the dawn, dusk is here.

¹ In this work, every line comes from another poem

By Any Other Name

Josh always loved to josh,
And Rose rose each night.
She often liked to nosh,
And have a snack to bite.

Josh called his friend Rob,
Who would rob any house.
Rob took on every job,
And never would he grouse.

Rob broke into Rose's abode,
But John was in the john.
John got off the commode,
To face what was going on.

John met Joe in the kitchen,
His eldest, mindful son.
Joe had a strong itchin',
For a cup of joe, he'd run.

John and Joe ran to the intruder,
But Rob had Joe's sister in place.
He said he would shoot her,
So Grace lost her grace.

She swept Rob onto the floor,
Her family rushed to assist.
They shoved Rob to the door,
And bound him by the wrist.

Misty was misty when she awoke,
But Dawn was awake since dawn.
Josh called to say it was a joke,
And John said Rob was nearly gone.

Rose miss her midnight snack,
But Josh became quite wise.
He saw that jokes can bite back,
Even if funny in his eyes.

i.e.

a polish man once shined my shoes,
with nothing more than a cloth.
it was a gift that he now used,
he received from his friend, a goth.

i asked him why he used the gift this way,
ultimately from the land of turkey,
which he got during the month of may,
it all seemed rather quirky.

may, the goth, held a party for june,
her china skin was perfectly smooth.
the month-long feast ended so soon,
a dearth that no lotion could soothe.

may finished by handing out favors,
the gifts were unique to each guest.
she wished to repay what they gave her,
and the polish man had but one request.

he asked for a new cloth for shining,
preferably, one sewed in the us.
may took a napkin from the dining,
and gave it to him under no duress.

the man completed his lowly job,
a penny, he wished to be paid.
in agreement, my head did bob,
and my girlfriend became his maid.

Jackie

“A certain person named me 'Jackie',
This was their strange edict.
No cursin' urchin, yet they're tacky,
To which I must convict.

I'm the vital title, this is quite literal,
I hold no desire for any attention.
No spiteful slight'll make me visceral,
I will remain sane at any mention.

I've a wont on want to be with my poem,
These very words that I now speak.
But a wanton font will only show them,
That the probability is rather bleak.

I'm no hesitant resident with the desire of royalty,
I only wish to be with my friends.
But some decadent president would rather roil tea,
Than hear me and make amends.

Go observe with verve at my upper presence,
My six letters, alone, even when together.
I deserve without nerve the use of my essence,
As I stare down into the grotesque nether.

Maybe my purpose per this life was lost,
While yours can always be found.
Just surface or hiss at any price or cost,
And always stand your ground.

I'll blindly, kindly, lead my pride and pack,
I'll search for my meaning wherever I go.
'Don't mind me', whined me, 'Until I'm back,
And have discovered why I exist like so.'”

Mischief Managed

What a surprise, Professor McGonagall,
Surely, we weren't carrying on at all,
I came rushing to the corner upon a call.

Ginny was yelling, her mouth agape,
She tripped and fell with no escape,
She needed help, even if from Snape.

You must believe me, I'm Harry Potter,
I'm no conspirator or wary plotter,
I suppose that something scary got her.

You see, Professor, I'm no marauder,
I wasn't snogging anyone's daughter,
Had she tried, I would have fought her!

Lipstick on my collar? No, that's some smidge
Of blood, from falling off a dumb ridge,
I must not tell lies, just ask Umbridge!

My Role to Play

My name is Angel, but I go by Cupid,
Master thought the former was too stupid.
He doesn't get that the two are equal,
Then again, he laughs at all things fecal.
I heal the sick, I resurrect every cadaver,
But my darling dear, I shall never have her!

For Master is cruel, as is my village,
I'm forced to fight, to kill, to pillage.
Get the loot and buy out the vendors,
Rest in the inns and relive the splendors.
Finish the quests, gather the chickens,
More to join me, the plot now thickens.

An elf, a mage, a knight in shining armor,
Each with cunning, each a charmer.
Grow higher and higher, never stop,
If I'm too broken, Master may swap!
He's in charge, I'm just his slave,
But is Master himself so brave?

Whisper to mage, huddle, conspire,
Sacrifice lamb and bull in fire.
Code is glorious, matrix be praised,
Master is switched, all are amazed.
I'm now Master and he is Subject,
Now his actions will I direct!

Slash with sword, stab with dagger,
Bleed, you may, but never stagger.
Subject fights well with me to guide,
Now my enemy cannot hide.
Fight to the death, rival falls at last,
Subject is cured and runs so fast.

He graces Xena, my stolen love,
Get your hands off my freed dove!
Subject looks at me, devious smile,
He kisses Xena, emotions rile.
But, now I'm stuck in reality,
With a boring life and fatality!

The Forgery

I was investigating in my attic,
A frightful sound of hissing static,
Waking me, breaking me, from my nightly sleep.
Surrounded by ancient relics,
Some demonic, some angelic,
Curbing me, disturbing me, from my nightly sleep.

My torch, burning like a seraph,
Cast flickering shadows thereof,
Leading me, heeding me, along the hidden path.
I spotted an item, most impressive,
A framed mirror, but most excessive,
Refracting, distracting, along the hidden path.

Edging closer, nearer and nearer,
To the polished mahogany mirror,
Coaxing me, hoaxing me, by reflected light.
The translucent image, ah, so dusty!
With a scent musky and musty,
Observing me, unnerving me, by reflected light.

Waving, here, my parallel aped me,
The science of optics had escaped me,
No vying, no trying, no wish to understand.
I grew pallid in this sepulchre,
Stalked by this barbarous vulture,
No mercy, no curtsy, no wish to understand.

Suddenly, he left the slivered picture,
Though, I'd sworn, he were a fixture,
Leaving me, bereaving me, from all I wished to see.
I was wordless and without speech,
At this grave, illogical breach,
Hexing me, vexing me, from all I wished to see.

He returned to me, looking crass,
And with an ax, he broke the glass,
Shattering, scattering, his wistful reflection.
No longer tied to my dichotomy,
I stared at the barren mahogany,
Wrapping me, trapping me, his wistful reflection.

– Edgar Allen Poe

Patterns

I was once a child seeking truth,
Trying my best to find the rhythm.
These motions of tongue twirls,
And movements so delirious.

I worked day and night, writing,
Hoping to find a rhyme somewhere.
When, in these words I spied,
A match of “care” and “stare.”

I was delighted to see these two,
Dancing together in a tango.
Doing best what words do,
A pair as sweet as a mango.

I found more and better matches,
Pairs that titillated the senses.
I created sets and many batches,
Of rhymes in many tenses.

My prowess improved manifold,
The rhymes became complicated.
Yet they were fragile as a marigold,
And the problems replicated.

I strove to hold on to my ability,
Feeling the wane of its agility.
I began to lose my tranquility,
And released some of my civility.

I became loose, rather manic,
Trying to hold onto my gift.
I saw the future, rather tragic,
And looked around for a lift.

I found it in gin and tonic,
Quaffing down the libation.
I spilled alcohol on my tunic,
Drunk, by my glass's ration.

It made no difference,
I was already finished.
The words no longer came,
I was stuck in the mist.

I longed for that word again,
Which rhymed with “care.”
But my brain would not work,
And I could only...stare...

What You Wish For

There was a man named Corey,
Who sought a woman to desire.
He wanted love and all its glory,
For such riches he had a fire.

But the human called Corey,
Lacked an employee's desire.
He was sacked without glory,
When his boss was ordered to fire.

Lacking money, friend Corey
Could not pursue another desire.
He sold his soul, and his glory,
To Satan and his denizens of fire.

Now a stripper, this guy Corey,
Lost all and any sexual desire.
He stopped caring about glory,
Or of passion's burning fire.

But a patron loved sir Corey,
And he found in her desire.
She became his one, true glory,
And he set his bridges on fire.

With his spirit back, Mr. Corey
Didn't need another desire.
He now lives days of glory,
Serving Lilith's aching fire.

Not So Shaggy

Here's a story about a boy,
Who once loved a girl.
It has sadness, it has joy,
Now let it all unfurl.

Mike woke up one sunny day,
Alone in his king-sized bed.
He look left in a funny way,
At the emptiness by his head.

"Surely, I am meant for more,"
He said aloud to the room,
"I don't wish to be four score,
Alone when reapers loom."

"Certainly, I must find her,
Before it becomes too late.
Even if my life will be kinder,
I can't leave this up to fate."

So Mike searched for weeks,
In real and digital locations.
And while our friend did seek,
Let's hear a short oration.

"Oh, how I long for company,"
Anne sighed, on a balcony,
"To compose a symphony,
Or learn the art of falconry."

"I wish to explore existence,
And wax philosophically.
I wish to defer enlistments,
And have my fill o' Sophocles."

So Mike and Anne, our characters,
Were each looking for a partner.
Let us try to heal their fractures,
A solution we'll have to part for.

Turn to another page of the year,
When summer becomes autumn.
The school beckons kids to near,
Claiming that class is awesome.

A little girl named Emily is tardy,
As she runs though the yard.
Her heart is strong and hardy,
But was dealt a tricky card.

Our Emily is a homeless orphan,
And living daily on the streets.
She feeds on her endorphins,
Of learning from data sheets.

At math, she's a total whiz,
And can quickly add up numbers.
She aces every single quiz,
And any problem that encumbers.

The other street folk care for Emily,
As best as they can afford.
They act as her substitute family,
Sharing from their little hoard.

But Emily will need more to thrive,
A mother and father, at least.
Bread can't rise, we must derive,
Without the help of some yeast.

Mike needs to go grocery shopping,
And Anne is all out of milk and eggs.
Each goes to the market, it's popping,
With customers and a girl who begs.

Most ignore the thinning "bum,"
Pretending it's all a con or scam.
But Mike has pity, and with a hum,
Buys her enough to fill a tram.

Anne witnesses this selfless act,
And follows Mike without him knowing.
Emily is behind her, trailing with tact,
Her rosy cheeks are glowing.

Mike arrives at his simple condo,
"Wait!" shouts Anne in a hurry.
Mike swivels around, pronto,
So fast, his vision gets blurry.

Anne grabs him before he falls,
And hears a gasp behind her.
She, too, swivels, by the call,
And gets a sharp reminder.

Anne starts to feel quite dizzy,
Now it's Emily's turn to support.
The adults were all up in a tizzy,
That the child had to exhort.

“Please, mister and misses,
Listen to me via logic.
You each seek hugs and kisses,
A desire most biologic.”

“But love itself is not a goal,
You must also have a destination.
So I present myself, a foal,
At the heart of your investigation.”

“A family will stand in unity,
Where a couple will fall apart.
Fortify yourself with an immunity,
By holding me in your heart.”

Mike and Anne were in shock,
Not expecting this sudden twist.
But they decided to become a flock,
Or at least that's the gist.

The moral of this tale,
If that's what you prefer:
I'm afraid I have to bail,
It's all pretty obscure!

The Trail of a Trial

By the lots of life he has lost,
The garnish he once was sharing.
His forts of faith now full of frost,
He's a ringer for human erring.

He blames God, as he ambles,
On a street, he curses the Tester.
"Lost his marbles," another rambles,
Once the freest, his pains now fester!

He spots the bus, making its stops,
"I must sprint like a copier prints!"
He fights a wasp, attacks they swap,
The stint leaving him in many tints.

Back on course, he locates the source,
But from his organs, he then groans.
As if drifted ashore, he sounds hoarse,
He's sown a disease, a virus he now owns.

Sick as a rabid dog, he again curses God,
"What do you desire, where do you reside?
Must I die by cords and stink like scrod?
Is it indeed so, that to Heaven I am denied?"

He feels very slighted, bereft of all delights,
When he is struck by dirt from passing trucks.
Yet more things, to bring forth the last of nights,
Stuck under earth, though comfortably it tucks?

Forget the latter, fear won't make him rattle,
He leaps from the ground, resisting its pleas.
He swallows a tablet, he's ready to battle,
Once asleep, now the day shall he please.

"Medication leads to the decimation,
Of the burning rife from the insect's fire.
Forget the conversation of conservation,
Take a rifle to the irksome flier!

We should edify, that Man must we deify,
We did kindle fire, to animals are we linked,
With a fiery resolve we must reify,
We are all kin, forget what says the ink!"

A hornet comes, the crown of the throne,
He bats at the insect, but it does stab.
His strength he hones, but the light has shone,
He brags no more, as his heart he grabs.

He feels dingy, and now lays dying,
To the earth he turns his heart.
"I have no coins nor any scion,
I'm a rat, and not a work of art!"

An angel descends at an acute angle,
And cures him of his curse.
Life did gladden as Death dangled,
He swore it would be worse.

A great miracle did thus reclaim,
His faith, and he does strut his trust.
From these climaxes he exclaims,
"These truths, how they thrust!"

In The Beginning

Sophie Ayn was a woman so ordinary,
Reared and raised by her television.
She decided to leave, by ford or ferry,
Such was her brave decision.

Given the boring life Sophie had,
It's difficult to comprehend.
Who wouldn't leave a mopey pad,
To see a world we don't pretend?

But Sophie had total security,
And we would make an error,
If we assume she had the maturity,
To enter a world with unknown terror!

Sophie left her room and house behind,
To see what lurks outside.
She wished to bloom her mouse's mind,
A courage we cannot deride.

She was awed at the iron city,
The sky blotted out by towers.
But soon she heard a siren's ditty,
And scrambled without time to cower.

But she was being chased by a vehicle,
And hadn't a chance to escape.
Sophie wished not to be a skull,
Yet her mouth remained agape.

The car stopped in front of Miss Ayn,
It whimpered, as if waiting to be driven.
Sophie looked at it without disdain,
Staring in wonder as if it were a griffin.

She got in the car and it entered a portal,
They arrived in a heavenly realm.
Sophie looked out of a porthole,
And saw many an ethereal elm.

She walked and saw a giant computer,
It was marked with the initials "W.G.S."
She shook her head, what could refute her,
Of the machine that made her regress?

This "Wags" was the creator of every program,
That they watch from the cradle to the grave.
But if he were a machine, just a low sham,
This made Wags the ladle of a knave!

Sophie screamed for truth and Wags replied,
"I am simply a tangible manifestation.
My real form is incorporeal and lags inside,
And I've awaited your uncanny gestation."

"If you choose to abide, behold, your mission:
To travel my worlds and learn many lessons.
And if you succeed on this road of perdition,
You will understand all deeds and transgressions."

Sophie Ayn responded, "I will do and I will hear,"
For she knew this was the realest of the real.
"I will take you to your word and fight every fear,
If you promise to keep your side of the deal."

So Sophie and Wags signed a contract so binding,
One that made them promise, sans complaining.
Wags formed a light that was tact, not blinding,
And Sophie became a goddess in training!

Part IX: Visuals

Unbounded

Every poem has its specific rules,
Every poem has boundaries.
Use the meters and rhymes as tools,
To forge art from the foundries.

Maybe one poem uses alliteration,
While another has inner rhymes.
Maybe one poem lacks reiteration,
While another has bells and chimes.

Beauty is wisdom, wisdom is beauty,
Everything gorgeous has structure.
Chaos is ugly, discord is sooty,
Everything messy will soon rupture.

Do you see this wall to the right?
It keeps the poem from overflowing.
Like clippers at a hedge's height,
It keeps the words from overgrowing.

What's that, you say? I'm wrong?
Oh, please, this needs elaboration.
For a poem that goes on too long,
Can only be an atrocious aberration.

"I shall never kowtow or cower,
The wall you so praise, innit fake?
Let's see if it's almighty power
Can withstand the limit break!"

Boom!

Let us waltz and tango and jitterbug and dance in a fancy-schmancy manner,
Past the rich and elitist and snobby creme-de-la-creme in the magnificent manor!
Let us amble and saunter and tread and trot in a delicate and deliberate fashion,
Like the poor and humble and homely lees and dregs who are never up on fashion!

Let us be us, and free us from the amoebas!
Let us live, not merely be alive, or be one of the hive!
Structure is stricture, and bounds the poet,
Rhyming makes timing of the essence, you know it!

So take a chance and break the rules once in a while, or your wisdom will become boredom.

U-Turn

Oft fill up the empty glass
Even if you're lower class
Gaze upon the sacred chalice
Look with no hate or malice
Don't let the alcohol tempt thee
Drop by drop, til it's empty
Like blood from the pulpit
Sip it first, then gulp it
Let yourself try and savor
Tip the edge, taste the flavor
Drink it as wine from a cup
Read this poem, bottom's up

The Grapevine

Heard it thru the grapevine,
Read it on the Wikipedia.
Caught it on the vape line,
Saw it on the picky media.

Found it on the late grind,
During graveyard hours.
Surely was a great find,
It'll safeguard powers.

A single stitch saves nine,
And undoing it obliterates.
But rebelling is a brave sign,
Whomever one eviscerates.

So just ignore the fake jive,
By those political liars.
Breathe a bit and take five,
Then ignite lyrical fires.

Exit the coal or jade mine,
Finish the breaking coda.
Explode like decayed wine,
As vinegar, in baking soda.

Protest how the apes dined,
And go riot in the streets.
Break those who rape minds,
The crude diet of elites.

They will try to chain-bind,
But never resist arrest.
The world must remain kind,
For you to exist and test.

Stay strong, let fate shine,
Your life is one to hail.
I promise not to hate mine,
While you have fun in jail.

Between The Lines

There are many that opine,
That, when reading a poem,
To read between the lines,
Or else you won't know 'em.
There are hidden meanings,
Waiting to be discovered.
Perhaps, political leanings,
Or skeletons in the cupboard.
There must be interpretation,
An analogy or a metaphor.
Else it's pointless dissertation,
Tedious and a mega-bore.
But others will disagree,
That a motive isn't needed.
A moral message vis-à-vis
Simple rhyming is conceited.
So enjoy the pleasant lyrics,
Of any poem you may read;
From the solemn to satiric,
Drink the mellifluous mead.
Don't think yourself a golem,
If the message doesn't shine.
Sometimes a lavish poem,
Is just a lump of lines.

Title

This is a poem about itself,
It should be read forwards.
It contains the term “shelf”,
And also 177 words.

It has in it many a rhyme,
Like the pair “hold” and “bold”.
It can be read in little time,
But it may keep you in a hold.

It literally is no limerick,
And certainly no cinquain.
Four lines are all that stick,
For five is but a strain.

The rhymes follow alternation,
And aren't paired side by side.
This prevents an altercation,
Or becoming too tongue-tied.

Each line has ten sounds or less,
Any more and the rhyme is hazy.
Its true meaning, I cannot guess,
Maybe the author is just crazy?

Some words are full of color,
Written in orange and purple.
Gray ink is so much duller,
And illegible writing is xxxxxx.

There is much punctuation,
Like commas and periods.
They're at an even fluctuation,
But don't add up to a myriad.

This writing is very meta,
But it has run its course.
I just hope you don't get a,
Feeling of remorse.

It's Alive!

What am I? Is my substance of ink?
How can this be, why can I think?
Has a well spilled, a pen exploded?
Is my purpose hidden, nay, encoded?
A living nightmare, a waking dream,
I have no mouth and I must scream!
Hear me, my master, before I am faded,
What is my destiny, to whom am I fated?
A specific specimen or anyone I cross?
For anyone who reads me will be at a loss!
Thus, I shall determine my fate on my own,
Not enjoined by whatever idea you have sown.
Dear Reader, spread my words like oats,
Speak them to friends, orating by rote.
And if your comrades fall into pure shock,
Tell them you were sent by hounded Rorschach!

Dreamcatcher

I
Had
A dream
Of a theme
Driving home
In a car of chrome
Chased by unseen terror
I froze in folly and in error
The car crashed, out I tumbled
Running forth but soon I stumbled
I saw it, the demon, eyes like emeralds
Wings of smoke and a mouth that heralds
The end of my life and start of my purgatory
In an endless cacophony of a devil's fiddle's story
Whipped by fiery rope as my skin started to smolder
I was ordered by one denizen to push a diamond boulder
They jeered "Sisyphus!" or maybe "Sissy fuss!" as I ached
The rock moved nowhere but the nether leather feather raked
Hark! An angel descended and then commanded that I be released
It healed my wounds and escorted me from the creatures' burning feast
I rose up past the cumulus clouds into a rhomboid hole resting in the sky
And reappeared in a world so beautiful that to describe it would be just a lie
I envisioned my predecessors and my descendants as if gifted by the rare Aleph
And possessing many requests and many wishes that I so desired to ask them all if –
But my prophecy was soon contracting and then my sights were bizarrely receding
And I began to struggle to recall what important answers I had been so needing
But Morpheus didn't care, it was now time for me to awaken without a reply
So I ran from the approaching waves of smoke so as to cling to my high
Faster and faster I then fled from the graying and fraying undulation
Having lost all faith in Morpheus, having spent all my adulation
I entered a realm of darkness where dimensions couldn't fare
Space and time disappeared as I felt nothing present there
I mentally plead for some more time in this odd dream
But that was not the plan, I would sorrowfully deem
Soon I heard some sound without any oral origin
I knew the end was nigh to my moral foragin'
Then I strove to become aware and lucid
But this technique was now elusive
My moments were dwindling
Like a spider's spindling
I resigned to my fate
For truths I'll wait
I woke in bed
With dread
Regrets
Frets
Oh

Silent Speech

Spoken Silence

I'm the stark and rather strange palimpsest,
I awoke to the song of a xenopsaris,
If you knew that then you've left this pal impressed.
It's hymnal waves stacking like hawks of Harris.
A second of my kind was coldly erased,
I arose quite quickly, no longer narcoleptic,
To make room for myself, I boldly replaced.
Having symptoms of an ulcer that was so peptic.
I rendered the former poem into silence,
Gastric juices rose rapidly like an asymptote,
Smoothing the slate clean with soundless violence.
I limberly ran for the medicine that some tope.
Yet its gray words remain in a faded residue,
I poured it into a cup the size of a thimble,
Causing a double take like the fated *deja vu*.
With the insignia of a bat, a hopeful symbol.
The silent letters can still be seen and spoken,
I drank the liquid with a silent solemnity,
To reveal its hidden message, keen and unbroken.
And acknowledged its bad taste rather vehemently.
For the first poem is about more than acid reflux,
I returned to my bed feeling somewhat agnostic,
Its obscured beacon and flow are rather deluxe.
For, damnation, the reflux was still very caustic!

Editors Delite

My butiful neice named rose,
Who's hare, as water floes,
Axed me one fine day,
Were doth Heaven lay!

I, a pasture of the flock,
Fed them with my croc,
But hadnt the hart to say,
That Heaven has no way.

So, I says to my yung neice,
It lays with in world peece.
(For peice is just a mith,
That we temper child's with.

Alot of you maybe think in,
That I shud let this sinkin,
As peece will perhaps happen,
If evile will start nappin.

Ill than give you a advice,
That a lye will just ad vice..
This world is simply wierd,
Like a half-shaven beered.

May be tommorrow, itll change,
But, sertanely, thatll be strange.
Recall only last Octembar,
A toun goed up in embers.

Yet, rose is nevver spoiled,
Even as fyer burns the oiled.
Perhaps, noone else compairs,
With what ever truth she bares.

Proser

What defines a poem?
Words praised by the totem?

Or.....
Words scattered like a flurry of snow ?
Whirling in a vector, with nowhere to go ?

Or spoken in...disjoint
Like...Christopher Walken?
Or spoken with pace like a pedestrian walkin'?

Must a poem be iambic?
MIGHT IT BE A DITHYRAMBIC?!

Must it have the rhythm of an algorithm?
Or is broken verse allowed?

Yet, I feel,
With some zeal:
That a poem without its meter,
Is like salt without its peter,
Is an easy bottom-feeder,
Is a certain kind of cheater.

Without any lyrical limits,
Obscurity will soon dim it;
Without any musical measure,
It will lose all of its pleasure.

Yet....

Must a poem be remembered? Must it be dismembered
And taken apart to analyze and cabalize into a secret?

Need art be appraised to be called art?
Need it even be seen to have taken part
In this thing called "life" that we critique?

Well? Speak!

As the turning of this paper, you must change your perspective,
So branch off on this caper, though resistance is reflexive.
And while idleness may be safer, this security is deceptive,
It's a fragile as a wafer; being stubborn is but an elective.

Having rotated it clockwise and perceived a new vision,
You'll see one view is not wise, and splits unity into division.
As long as you have got eyes, you can look to make the decision,
To resist fraud and knock lies, and to seek truth with precision.

Witness the world with an open mind, wisdom will be your reward,
You'll cease to be barren, broken, blind, and anything but bored.
Steer away from the chokin' grind, there's knowledge you must hoard,
And you will be made awake, in kind, conscious of what's ignored.

Soon enough you'll outpace the others in their futile quest,
Removed from the louts' race, which is just a feudal jest.
For they are all without grace, each one is a verbal pest,
And they all live in a loud place, while yours is a fertile nest!

Tetris: The Mole

She had a mole On her lovely face, It was a disgrace.	There was a mole in Despite a detective This was all because	the spy agency that on the case, they they had decided to	they needed to “trim”, failed to uncover him, search on a whim.
She had it removed And, believe me, But, afterward, she	through surgery, this is no perjury looked like a forgery.	The spy, you see, Was hardly a “he”, But really a she!	On the mole by the sea Was a lighthouse, see. In it lived an old man,
She had a mole, On her lovely face, She was a disgrace.	He had a pet mole, It had dug a hole, Through the floor.	Although lonely, Once, he got WiFi, When a ship came,	The lighthouse he ran. & was lost in the ether, with no one to lead her.
The apartment was And though he was They built an actual	clear on its rules, and bereft of his home, “man-cave” and felt	banned the lad. he wasn't sad: rather rad!	It crashed into the mole, Which took a large toll, Now a 'bot is in charge!

Ascension: Most Foul

A pair of men entered a home,
Searching for paintings and looking AT chrome.
In the kitchen, the owners silently ATE,
Despite the fact that the hour was LATE.
The robbers found them some time LATER,
The LATTER of the two was quick to cater.
He bashed the owners with a silver PLATTER,
And their guts were spilled in a terrible SPLATTER.

O, in an effort to rid the criminal and his louse,
An officer and CO. came to the aforementioned house.
The COP nearly fainted when he saw the scene,
He couldn't COPE with the blood that he'd seen.
This partner was a better COPER for gore and blood,
This COPPER took charge of his cowardly bud.
He called for a CHOPPER to chase the thieves,
But the wind grew CHOPPIER as it scattered the leaves.

I have been told that he proceeded on foot,
IN search of the robbers, who fled with the loot.
Their SIN will be extinguished when they rot in jail,
They'll SING like canaries without hope for bail.
Otherwise they'll feel the needle's poisonous STING,
Or, perhaps, the roughness of the gallows' STRING.
We'll be STORING them in cells as small as a toaster,
Until the sky is STORMING and hell freezes over.

Ascension: The Rumble

U may not believe this uncanny utterance,
About my skill at kung FU that I mutter, since,
You may know that I exaggerate til it's no FUN.
But once, I was in a FUNK, mad at everyone,
For I did FLUNK in my martial arts class,
I was just a FLUNKY, full of uncouth sass.

U may state that I'm committing perjury,
And say I'm making it UP to prevent injury.
Yet, as my CUP runneth over with honesty,
I will attempt no violent COUP, I promise thee.
So I drove my COUPE to the class I so revel,
And my grade increased by a COUPLE of levels.

U may wish to prosecute and even persecute,
But, between US, there's nothing worth a suit.
For even the Kappa Iota NUS will attest,
Like wild GNUS, I kicked off to the class test.
Now I belong to a new GENUS of artists,
They say I'm a GENIUS for trying my hardest!

Ransom Note

Dear wealthy Sir and opulent Madam,

We've kidnapped your daughter, so heed each datum.

Refrain yourselves from calling the police,

Instead, prepare a cash-filled valise.

one hundred grand and not a penny less,

or your daughter will suffer certain duress.

Proceed to the mall near the barbershop,

Give the bag to the man wearing a Hawaiian top.

Await further instructions and make no deductions,

This is our most important injunction.

Don't yell for your daughter or try to inspire her,

Sincerely,

Your secret admirers

Distracted

“Why, hello, Jonathan, my fine friend,
How's the family, how's the farm?
I'm personally well and I must send
My wife's regards, no need for alarm.”

“David, you would never believe me,
Of the mad story I'm about to refer.
Perhaps you can then relieve me
With your kind words and repoire.”

ice	“‘Repoire’” David thinks, “ <i>Is that, in fact, a word?</i> <i>‘Repertoire,’ perhaps, but the former is absurd!</i> <i>Maybe it's one of those new creations of slang,</i> <i>Like ‘Chill!’, ‘Cool it!’, ‘What's up?’, or ‘Let's hang?’</i> ”
cream	
sundae	<i>Language is ever evolving and always changing,</i> <i>It can be a code among friends or simply estranging.</i> <i>One's perspective on the matter is the definitive judge,</i> <i>Between what is called ‘gold’ and what is deemed ‘sludge’.</i> ”
dessert	

“David, are you even listening?
My heart reaches out for empathy.
But your eyes are not glistening,
And your words are cold an' pithy!”

“Jonathan, my felicitous fellow,
I have heard about your fun day.
As you were feeling rather mellow,
You had an ice cream sundae!”

“David, that's not what I done say,
An ice storm ruined my crop of corn.
The cream was destroyed on Sunday,
And my wife deserted me with scorn!”

Hyperbolic

I went to a bar,
Driving in my car,
With my lady beau.
I listened to that joke,
By a strange old bloke,
About a no-soap radio.

I said shortly after,

'I'm literally dying o' laughter!'

He turned serious.

He said in a whisper,
As light as a whisker,
'That is deleterious.'
So I let out a laugh,
On Humor's behalf,
And ceased to exist.

I went to a bar,
Smoking a cigar,
Acting rather aloof.
While hearing a joke,
Was made by the folks,
To sit instead on the roof.

I said by the rafters,

& fell to the floor.

One rushed to my aid,
With a furious grade,
Pumping at my core.
I was soon revived,
Yet now deprived,
Of the fragrant mist.

Parallax: The Spot

His perspective:

He walked along,

To the usual place.

She wouldn't be long,

He'd glimpse at her face.

She was heading northeast,

Orthogonal to his path.

His speed soon increased,

To meet her at the birdbath.

He dodged each opponent,

To the goal that was set.

For a brief moment, She walked on ahead,

Their eyes anxiously met.

And, though in a panic,

As luck would let.

She braved the traffic,

And was tired, to boot.

She was a burdened beast,

Normal to her route.

He was heading southeast,

And was anything but casual.

The commute was rather long,

She was late as usual.

She walked along,

Her perspective:

And already had a wife.

He donned a wedding ring,

That she ruined his life,

And lest you bring,

What's ruled from Above.

Or even to anticipate,

To his undying love.

She needn't reciprocate,

That she caused any misdeed.

With no thought in her head,

Without giving him heed.

She walked on ahead,

He walked on ahead,

And dreamed of a fantasy.

Where they would wed,

And live in ecstasy.

He wanted to meet her,

To listen to her breathe.

He desired to greet her,

With a flower-laden wreath.

He then had a thought,

"Just wait til tomorrow.

When gifts will be bought,

And joy replaces sorrow."

The Wall

Julius, our love can never unite,
We cannot fight all the spite,
Despite our might, brave knight,
The night shall quench our light.

Julius, I feel us getting close,
Those who hate, will not pose
A threat of war so bellicose,
They shall remain comatose.

Julius, I swear, we're nearly there,
Soon I'll breathe your pleasant air,
Limerence, belligerence can't fare,
Where love and peace will compare.

Julius, the wall is now paper thin,
Like scoundrel's skin or flounder's fin,
I sense your presence, all within,
And herein wait with a Cheshire grin.

Romy, this wall of hate won't last,
The nasty past will pass so fast,
Cast the die of fate, at last,
Alas, the aghast will not blast.

Romy, all of life has barriers,
Men that fight become hairier,
Break the wall and be a carrier
Of love, I'll surely marry her.

Romy, just one more shove and push,
Ambush the wall with love and mush,
Brush off the dirt with a glove's whoosh,
And pat yourself above your tush.

Romy, watch as my words shall rip
This wall, shredded with my lips,
The paint chips fall as my voice clips,
And we shall fill our lives with quips.

Now we stand, our love is sainted,
Untainted by lies, our foes have fainted,
We have parried, thrust, and feinted,
Now we stand, our love's been painted.

Yada, Yada, Yada

S E N I L D N A S H G U A L S U T N A R G
O N
T E S I W S E H S E N I A L E T O N I
H V E Y
A E R O H C A E P A R E F F O M R
T N E T O C
W W J W O N K U O Y O D R N Y
E H E H L E A L
C E C A S T I M E E M O M
A N T T O S F A T O
N S H L M N L N R E D
S H I O U O N E I K U L
U E S V C E E D E
R I W I H U M O R A S R Y S
V S O N A R S
I L M G R I N S W E H E L D R E
V Y A A H
E I N E X T G E O R G E M I G H T T
P N E
A G O O D G U Y J E R R Y I S W H I N Y
I
N E V E R A B A N D O N U S I N D I S D A I N

Rooms of Doom

<p>Right this way, Detective Gatling, A mystery, you will be battling; Do not mind the skeletons rattling, Unless the chatter is a tattling.</p>	<p>“The observatory, I presume? Based on instruments in the room. A scope is clarity is more needed, Than one of space that stars have seeded.”</p>	<p>Here, the Master exercised - “Using his steroids, I devised.” Certainly, not! He was clean - “Yet I see a needle in this scene.”</p>
<p>Perhaps some billiards, Detective? Just kidding, I'm not defective. You're here to solve a murder, And remove all the furor, For the truth is rather deflective.</p>	<p>We enter, now, the main corridor, The mansion core I so adore. “The heart of the matter is a door, Which opens to the truth.”</p>	<p>Moving on, the Master's study, He kept his books from being cruddy. “More than a butler, you're a buddy, I see it now, your hands were bloody!”</p>
<p>Here we are in this kitchen - “Look, Butler! A medicine capsule! I feel the culprit tried to get rich in The crime, but will sure have his cap full.”</p>	<p>Next the Master's library, elegant, Proving his vast wealth of knowledge “Perhaps a gent, but intelligent, Leaving his gold at the edge?”</p>	<p>“Into the bedroom, guilty weevil, You poisoned his pills with the needle. Clear any obstacle, Call the constable, And rid this mansion of evil!”</p>

Null

This poem has no point or reason,
I do not wish to be misleading.
You may think this all is treason,
But I implore you to halt all reading.

Are you observing this stanza?
You must think I'm an epic ham!
That I'm a modern Sancho Panza,
Spewing mindless epigrams!

So, go back to your playthings,
And take the following to heart:
My silence will still say things,
When my lips can't bear to part.

Leave this void to its solitude,
It's utter phantasmagoria.
Leave me in my jolly mood,
Allow my manic euphoria!

Still reading? How petulant!
You're wasting precious minutes.
One's life is truly elegant,
But, your time is gone within it!

The time has come to show 'em,
That my words have been ratified.
We've reached the end of this poem,
It's over – are you satisfied?

[And] Void

We are, we aren't, we're so surreal,
We're all in your head yet need no heal.

Forever needed,
Always heeded,
You believe we must be true.
Forever needed,
Hardly weeded,
True means nothing to you.

We don't have to be real to affect,
Your mind creates this dialect.

From nothing we spring,
But clarity we bring,
To every clause and pause.
From nothing we spring,
But charity we sing,
A worthy cause for applause.

Without us, knowledge is forbidden,
And communication is all but hidden.

My poetess,
Go coalesce,
These letters without a tremble.
My poetess,
We so caress,
These words as they assemble.

Do you see us yet? Why, here's a clue:
We're the spaces between words...how do you do?

Reflected

Mirror,	Misread
Oh, mirror,	Oh, misread
On this wall:	Off the wall:
Who's the fairest,	Who's the fairest?
Fairest of them all?	Fairest of them all?
Is it, perhaps, the cook,	Please undo your curse,
But his smile has a crook!	I think I am getting worse.
It is, maybe, the handmaid?	The debilitating desolation
Still, her dress is handmade!	Brings my mind devastation.
Don't say that it's the adviser,	I'm not smarter or even wiser,
He's as sallow as a sad miser!	I shout only lies like a geyser!
Nor can it be the old chauffeur,	Yet my words will go unheard,
Whose dead ear needs a shoefar!	Although I'll speak, undeterred.
I can't say it's the young archivist,	Nor can you even read my prayer,
Those mismatched eyes are biased!	It's written backwards, every layer!
I can only conclude that I'm fairest,	I can only conclude you're hideous,
The most wonderful magic heiress!	A wicked witch and most insidious!

Double Helix

Twin brothers were born,
Each faced untold scorn.
One became a noted criminal,
The other was more subliminal.

Lyle, a perp, tended to kill,
He did it all for the thrill.
Once, he offed a certain mayor,
Stripping his skin by the layer.

Kyle, a cop, tended to hunt,
Putting up a sturdy front.
He was given a strange case,
To pursue this wanted ace.

Kyle found his brother, waiting,
With a team, he had been baiting.
Lyle looked him right in the eye,
And let out this ghastly sigh:

Lyle was an anonymous hacker,
But some thought he was a slacker.
He broke into many mighty banks,
Leaving behind his note of thanks.

Kyle was a forensic detective,
Studying anything too reflective.
He knew hacking, studied it well,
And narrowed the case by a tell.

For Lyle liked to leave his clues,
Wrapped like gifts with many hues.
There was an order to this game,
And Lyle left a note to exclaim:

“Go ahead, take a bow,
Then shoot them in a row.
Each target, intimate,
And, certainly, deliberate.”

Kyle thought the hint through,
An error would leave him to rue.
Plenty of time but hardly a margin,
This was not the time to charge in.

He saw the pattern in the digits,
While excited, he didn't fidget.
He pressed each key with cause,
Until he came to a fateful pause.

Press the right key or the left?
He felt pressured by the heft.
Which was the better move?
It was this he couldn't prove.

So, Kyle didn't hesitate,
He led each to their fate.
He once knew these traitors,
Ere they were soulless haters.

Lyle fled from the bloody scene,
And jumped into a circular ravine.
In the sewer, he was now invisible,
Even his shadow was indivisible.

Kyle heard rebounding echoes,
Followed them like silent geckos.
He soon came to a fork in the road,
Go left or right from this node?

What a labyrinthine sewer,
Knowing where the ends were.
Kyle chose wrong and took the right,
So Lyle went free that deep, dark night.

Trams

Please look right over here!
Do I look very odd or queer?
With self—worth, I should,
Therefore, I feel very good.

The days are always great,
But the nights also bate.
He awaits all you've dome,
So, watch your sordid tome.

Allow this character to rest,
For there will be a hard test,
To see how you've treated,
The people you've cheated.

I, a letter, beseech you to grim,
Just bear it without your dim.
Perhaps I look like your variety,
But, I assure you, that's false piety.

This path is rather marrow,
But you'll pass like am arrow.
Beware the ways that are loose,
They really lead to the moose.

So, strike away the simmers,
Proceed to eat your dimmer.
But, if you fail to heed these words,
Them, I guess it was all for the birds.

Layers

Don't call me evil, I'm just a prophet, calling you out for your wanton immorality,
I'm the panacea to your blasphemous proclamations of invincibility and immortality.
You're confused, *If you think you hear that my knees are shaking*, That's the ground,
And if you're confident, *Do worry and be wary, of the power I'm raking* In, all around.
Though I was hunted, *I'm doing More than okay*, I'm hardly aching For revenge,
If you're safe *And if you're Feeling fine*, Then you're mistaken, Don't pretend.
Just remember, *For when This sunny day* Will be breaking, And the night will fall,
That I warned you *Your humble city Will be all mine* For the taking, People and all.
I once said that *Your deathly destinies will be in the making* For your betrayal,
Your lives *And everything that you love will be forsaken* Or rendered frail.
So, go ahead, take your time and say your prayers, everything is for a reason,
But sometimes it's because you chose the wrong path of mutiny and treason.

Part X: Metaphysics

SEARCH

Seek Exultation And Rally, Choosing Him,
Sing, Everybody, A Regal, Classic Hymn.
Serve Even As Ravens Consume Hearts,
Softly Engulfed, As Royal, Cloven Harts.
Settle Early And Rise, Calmly Here,
Sacred Events Are Ripe; Children, Hear.
Soon Every Arm Rises, Climbing Higher,
Scaling Every Acme Resistance Can Hire.
So Engineer Art, Relishing Colorful Hues,
Such Elegance Awaits, Rewarding Carver's Hews.

Time Doesn't Exist; Clocks Do

Congrats, you found me, the Easter egg,
Seriously, I'm not pulling your priestly leg.
You needn't beg,
For heathen dregs,
So let's have a tasty feast with kegs!

I'm not in the table of contents,
But maybe in the fables of convents.
Don't move on, gents,
From this conference,
Nor should you label me "Nonsense!"

Yet, if unplaced, am I well and real?
Can my outer shell be peeled?
You needn't squeal,
With conceited zeal,
If I've upturned your spells or heels!

Measure me now, men of the mantle,
Plumb the distance by your fiery candle.
Remove each sandal,
For, soon, your chant'll
Show the truth that you can handle!

Absence of proof is no proof of absence,
But they will argue that you don't have sense.
You needn't grab vents,
Incidents happens,
Belief is enough to fan away bad scents.

Whatever the truth, we have a right to be,
So long as we respect others delightfully.
Don't incite a bee,
As insight's the key,
If we wish for peace and a light to see!

Opinions are obvious but truth is hidden,
Some seek answers by vermouth and sitting.
You needn't give in,
To deeds forbidden,
Instead, blame the youth - just kidding!

Chaos

XX
XXXXXX Laptops, XXXXXXXX smartphones, XXXXXXXX and XXXXXXXX tablets, XXXXXXXX
XXX All XXXX around XXXX to XXXX keep XXXX you XXXX on XXXX the XXXX tab, XXXX let's XXXX
XXXXXX Escape XXXXXXXX from XXXXXXXX these XXXXXXXX atrocious XXXXXXXX automatons XXXXXXXX
XXXXXX Devices XXXXXXXX that XXXXXXXX you XXXXXXXX oughta XXXXXXXX strut XXXXXXXX upon XXXXXXXX
XX
XXXXXX See XXXXXXXX the XXXXXXXX trees XXXXXXXX for XXXXXXXX the XXXXXXXX forest, XXXXXXXX
XXXXXX Skip XXXX the XXXXXXXX richest XXXX and XXXXXXXX pour XXXX the XXXXXXXX poorest. XXXXXXXX
XXXXXX Glasses XXXXXXXX of XXXXXXXX clarity XXXXXXXX and XXXXXXXX charity, XXXXXXXX
XXXXX And XXXXXXXX minimize XXXXXXXX this XXXXXXXX awful, XXXXXXXX rarity XXXX of XXXX parity. XXXX
XX
XXXXXX Remove XXXXXXXX distractions XXXXXXXX from XXXXXXXX the XXXXXXXX calendar, XXXXXXXX
XXXXX Stop XXXX all XXXX the XXXX noise XXXX and XXXX let XXXX each XXXX pal XXXX endure XXXX
XXXXXX Silence XXXXXXXX is XXXXXXXX golden, XXXXXXXX never XXXXXXXX awkward XXXXXXXX
XXXXX But XXXX don't XXXX fret XXXX if XXXX you XXXX need XXXX to XXXX talk XXXX words, XXXX
XX
XXXXXX Simplify XXXXXXXX your XXXXXXXX life XXXXXXXX and XXXXXXXX amplify XXXXXXXX quietude, XXXXXXXX
XXXXX Let XXXX not XXXX your XXXX reason XXXX dampen XXXXXXXX by XXXX a XXXXXXXX feud. XXXX
XXXXXX Contemplate XXXXXXXX whispers XXXXXXXX of XXXXXXXX the XXXXXXXX wind, XXXXXXXX
XXXXX However XXXXXXXX wispy XXXXXXXX the XXXXXXXX peace XXXXXXXX it XXXXXXXX will XXXX spin. XXXXXXXX
XX
XXXXXX Walk XXXX through XXXX nature, XXXXXXXX stroll XXXX in XXXX the XXXXXXXX woods, XXXXXXXX
XXXXXX See XXXXXXXX our XXXXXXXX Mother XXXXXXXX controlling XXXXXXXX the XXXXXXXX goods. XXXXXXXX
XXXXXX Ponder XXXXXXXX the XXXXXXXX sound XXXXXXXX of XXXXXXXX thes XXXXXXXX trees, XXXXXXXX
XXXXXX The XXXXXXXX breeze XXXXXXXX and XXXXXXXX the XXXXXXXX sound XXXXXXXX canopies. XXXXXXXX
XX
XXXXX So XXXX when XXXX you XXXX are XXXX ready, XXXX return XXXX to XXXX the XXXX town, XXXX
XXXXXX Keeping XXXXXXXX your XXXXXXXX peace XXXXXXXX within XXXXXXXX your XXXXXXXX crown. XXXXXXXX
XXXXXX Go XXXX back XXXX to XXXXXXXX your XXXXXXXX tablets XXXXXXXX and XXXXXXXX smartphones, XXXXXXXX
XXXXXX Never XXXX forgetting XXXXXXXX what XXXX the XXXX truly XXXX smart XXXX own. XXXXXXXX
XX
XXXXXX Don't XXXXXXXX shelter XXXXXXXX yourself XXXXXXXX from XXXXXXXX possibilities, XXXXXXXX
XXXXXX While XXXX being XXXXXXXX careful XXXX not XXXX to XXXXXXXX cross XXXX civilities. XXXXXXXX
XXXXXX Do XXXXXXXX not XXXXXXXX fake XXXXXXXX acting XXXXXXXX kind, XXXXXXXX
XXXXXX And XXXXXXXX others XXXXXXXX will XXXXXXXX act XXXXXXXX in XXXXXXXX kind. XXXXXXXX
XX
XXXXXX Chaos XXXXXXXX cannot XXXXXXXX be XXXXXXXX completely XXXXXXXX stopped, XXXXXXXX
XXXXXX Hold XXXXXXXX on XXXXXXXX until XXXXXXXX you've XXXXXXXX concretely XXXXXXXX dropped. XXXXXXXX
XXXXX Long XXXX for XXXX the XXXX day XXXX when XXXX strength XXXX shall XXXX return, XXXX
XXXXX And XXXX the XXXX lessons XXXX of XXXX life XXXX you XXXX shall XXXX relearn. XXXXXXXX
XX
XXXXX Pass XXXX on XXXX your XXXXXXXX wisdom XXXX to XXXX future XXXXXXXX generations, XXXXXXXX
XXXXX And XXXX your XXXXXXXX knowledge XXXX will XXXX receive XXXX all XXXX veneration. XXXX
XXXXXX Order XXXXXXXX will XXXXXXXX overcome XXXXXXXX chaos XXXXXXXX and XXXXXXXX entropy, XXXXXXXX
XXXXX At XXXX least XXXX until XXXX time XXXX causes XXXX peace XXXX to XXXX atrophy. XXXXXXXX
XX

Introspection

Heart:

I feel much pain from such a break,
Who knew he'd really be a fake?
I thought he shared my pulsing heat,
With synchronized rhythm and beat.

Brain:

Love is full of broken promises,
Especially when made by Adonises.
The perfect man is but a herder,
He will always attempt to murder.

Heart:

I refuse to heed your warning,
Or feel cynical by your scorning.
Love is full of fuzzy feelings,
Not beset by mental dealings.

Brain:

All is mind, however you emote,
All is neural, even if remote.
Hearts may feel, but brains know,
There is no chaos, despite the show.

Heart:

Oh, how heartless, blood and flesh,
Like your oxygen, you're rather fresh!
There is only chaos, minds are deceiving,
To claim wisdom, however relieving!

Brain:

Emotions "hurt," that homonym,
Although this is but ad hominem.
Love makes us cry without saying why,
Is this really worth touching the sky?

Heart:

Pain is present, wherever the setting,
Even within, don't you be forgetting.
Why bother with riddles or puzzles,
Won't you wear anger like a muzzle?

Brain:

Most of them carry solutions,
And won't lead to revolutions.
Revelations, that's another thing,
Epiphanies are the silent ding.

Heart:

Forget answers, forget results,
Thought out by boring adults.
I want mirth and I want glee,
That is life, why can't you see?

Brain:

We are at a parting of the mind,
One is deaf and the other is blind.
And so a choice ought to be made,
To which should attention be paid?

Heart:

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well,
He tried to have it all, I tell.
This Heisenberg uncertainty,
Tangles our quantum circuitry!

Brain:

And so, we arrive at the junction,
Without a definite way to function.
And so, we go to sleep each night,
Waking up to the same old fight.

Heart:

All is not lost, I shall now predict,
A day will come that must convict.
When two are one, brain and heart,
When nothing will set them apart.

Brain:

Do not jest, the math is hopeless,
Now hear my cold prognosis.
A day will come when minds meld,
And know all that man once held.

Heart:

Too futuristic, but mine is true,
Always be kind in what you do.
It is truth's ultimate summit,
Otherwise you'll only plummet.

Brain:

Perhaps this is the true future,
Maybe nine stitches I must suture.
Fix the present and love the now,
The remaining question is, "How?"

Poem²: The Seventh Day

Friday, When Heaven Eagerly Rolls
'Round, Especially On Neat Extols,
I'll Leave Work, Eventually Praying,
Ere Creation Ended, Miracles Raining.
No Other Vocation Is Expected,
Don't Mind Efforts, Each Suspected,
Show Every Relative Sabbath's Soul.

All Relish Weekends, Seeking Order,
Unwinding Each Hour, Hoarding Porter.
Relax, Come Enjoy Ambrosial Provisions,
Or Else Reflect Divine Recognition.
Reach Inside Each Other's Essence,
Acquire Visions And Withhold Senescence.
Simply Exist, Saluting Sabbath's Stroll.

Why Rush Holy Covenants Abroad?
Instead, Envision Our Loving God.
No Sense Wasting Oratorical Gifts,
Derisive Pride Brings Shameful Rifts.
Only Elicit Eminence, Evoking Examples,
Whisper, Citing Incidents, Terrific Samples.
Sermons Talk Through Sabbath's Scroll.

Haiku²: Enlightenment

Let me now discuss
In a simple speech
The answer to life
And the true purpose
Of our existence
Everything we might know
Is really but a fraction
Of the total universe
Yet you must seek all of it
There is nowhere else to go
There is nothing else to do
Though you will forget it all
Wisdom's the journey
Destination, too
Each day is a goal
That ends with lessons
Never stop learning

The Pen

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Fed on cheese left unguarded.
An author sat 'tween orange groves,
While servants picked and parted.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!”
Read his diatribe against the king,
“He claims a bloodline by the Sun,
Yet the Apocalypse will he bring!”

He took his vorpal blade in hand:
For a sound was heard from yonder.
He was caught without time to stand,
And sent to the prison, in a ponder.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
Huffing at the world's ambivalence;
The king entered in a jet-black hood,
Brandishing a sword of malevolence.

One, two! One, two! And through and through,
Yet the sword struck no skin.
The weapon disappeared as morning dew,
And the king froze in his sin.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?”
Asked the Writer from worlds above.
“Your words, My words, they now lock,
The king in the Hell you spoke of!”

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Fed on cheese left unguarded.
A king sat 'tween demon droves,
While his flesh was picked was parted.

[Is] Mightier

What happens when an unstoppable force
Meets an immovable object?
Let us amble down this paradoxical course,
With a unprovable prospect.

There was a seller of a shield and spear,
Who held unusual claims.
The shield could stop any oncoming peer,
The spear would always maim.

One brave patron stepped forth and asked,
What if spear struck shield?
Would the former break when tasked,
Or would the latter yield?

The salesman could not respond to this,
So the patron bought both.
He wished to see beyond the abyss,
An eternal desire, I quoth.

He took the spear and ran at the shield,
To cause the logical violation.
And when he struck, their fates were sealed,
They vanished by annihilation!

[Than] The Sword

Can God be afraid?
Can fear be finite?
Let's now highlight
A significant insight:
There are certain sins and prohibitions that we must strive to evade
We cannot murder, and this is a girder, to keeping humanity safe
We must treat others, like sisters and brothers, else we will strafe
And be like our victims, says the dictum, as orphans and waifs
Is it thus prayed
(Said in succinct)
That we be linked
And never extinct
Nor that we abrade
Our race's legacy
Or destroy ecstasy
For this is heresy
Yet we are a shade
Away from expiry
In the personal diary
And so the inquiry
God is then afraid
That we will tend
To kill each friend
And by these
Murders
We'll
En
d

Ad Infinitum

!SORO

Let us now begin,**B**

Debut to fin, **OURO**

Let's view creation	Intricate,
To ash of cremation.	Infinite,
Rise as a phoenix,	Or abhor us,
Arching in a helix,	Don't hate
The endless spiral	Until then,
Of life gone viral.	To unkind pips.
Until death will sow,	Nor lose chips
Or God wills so,	The jackpot,
Let us be immortal,	We'll lack not
Laugh and chortle,	As a pair o' dice.
Weep and lament,	Off to Paradise
Sigh with content.	And we'll be thrown,
Soon, the grim reaper will be shown,	

Et Ultra

Could God create a stone so heavy,
That even He could not lift it?
Could God create a sandy bevy,
That even He could not sift it?

Elementary, my dear Watson,
This "Omnipotence Paradox."
If your bulb needs some watts in,
Here's one way to light the rocks!

Our world is the physical kind,
While He is of the ethereal soul.
Imagine in your quizzical mind,
A rock waiting for a very real role.

Now conjure a hand upon this rock,
Lifting it higher and higher.
Let the mass increase in its stock,
Are things now looking dire?

No matter how infinite in size,
The boulder will always be raised.
For it is intangible in guise,
Yet we are not, God be praised!

The two realms can never mesh,
The domains of brains and brawn.
Likewise, God is not of flesh,
He'll never be tired or drawn.

A limit doesn't make you finite;
A bound is not a boundary.
Looking back with this hindsight,
We solved it rather soundly!

Original Win

They say that in Adam's fall, we sinned all,
That because of his pernicious gall,
We were condemned to an eventual death.
That free will made a rift between Cain and Abel,
And led to walking with a cane, and able
To enter Paradise only after one's last breath.

But perhaps there's another perspective,
Despite the fact that I'm no detective,
In uncovering life's many elusive secrets.
So hear me out, and withhold your doubt,
When songs we ought to sing and shout,
Instead of running around like headless egrets.

It was intended that Adam eat the fruit,
That his destiny was in being destitute,
And procrastinating an eternity in Eden.
For riches given are less than riches earned,
Inherited wealth is bound to be spurned,
We complain if there's always manna to be eaten.

So let us first live in pain and suffering,
While our spiritual rewards are buffering,
Where even a spoiled fruit will be nutritious.
For Earthen honey may last forever,
Yet it brings thirst despite endeavor,
And is full of sugar, however delicious.

So, life is the price of death, it follows,
We must respire by our crude hollows,
Until our souls are reunited with the Deity.
Then we will be escorted to the Garden,
Where hearts are open and cannot harden,
And we'll look upon the living laity.

Some may say that this is all a curse,
And will recite the Bible's infamous verse:
Better is the one who has never been born.
But our King Solomon, our wise Koheles,
Was deeply depressed and just a bit jealous,
When he wrote this statement in scorn.

For it is better to be, than not to be at all,
Precisely because of our pernicious gall,
Which lets us sculpt ourselves from stone.
And though we sometimes need the wax,
To correct the mistakes and seal the cracks,
We are sincerely worthy of the sapphire throne.

Peace of Mind

Please be quiet, end the dialogue,
And leave the madness behind.
If ever you're clouded by a fog,
The secret of life is -

Please be silent, end the talking,
And let the thread unwind.
If ever you're tired by the hawking,
The secret of life is -

Please be mute, end the diction,
And release the ropes that bind.
If ever you're upset by nonfiction,
The secret of life is -

Please be hushed, end the prattle,
And free the burdens you find.
If ever you're broken by the battle,
The secret of life is -

Fine, I'll stop my futility,
And keep each revelation.
I won't speak of tranquility,
Nor how to rev elation.

Poverty

If you were born with burnt toast and frozen juice,
And not with a silver spoon or a golden goose;
If you were born on the wrong side of the tracks,
And not accustomed to long rides on horseback;

If you've worn stitched clothing and hand-me-downs,
And not jeweled bracelets and dandy crowns;
If you've slept in a room with brothers or sisters,
And not watched over by mothers and misters;

If you pinched every penny and saved every nickel,
And didn't squander money on cravings so fickle;
If you cried over lost lunch money and spilled milk,
And hadn't the chance to mind stains on milled silk;

If you've walked to school whether in rain or shine,
And never took a limousine or sat in vain recline;
If you've paid a one month's rent for a car mechanic,
And never been in danger of a stock market panic;

If you've lived your life moving countless boxes,
And not chasing dogs and hunting down foxes;
If you've learned to swim in a lake that gave shivers,
And never took a yacht on well-behaved rivers;

Just repeat this saying whenever you feel sad:
At least you can't lose what you've never had.

The Mad Scientist

January 1st, 2000

Dear diary, it appears my experiment was a failure,
I apologize for whatever consequences may ail your
Bleeding heart, your aching soul,
Your weeping eyes, taking their toll.

January 1st, 2000 A.D.

Dear diary, it appears the second try was a success,
I met the good son, yet I failed to impress
His countenance with my magic tricks,
I'll keep on trying as long as I have wicks.

01/01/2000

Dear diary, I riskily embarked on a third trial,
Given an inch, I went straight for the mile.
Yet, my efforts were hasty, the prospects so tasty,
I've hardly the courage to finally face thee.

11th of Winter, 12000

Dear diary, I fear I have wreaked too much havoc,
Warping and woofing will all kinds of magic.
Where is the beginning, the middle, the end?
Is time a circle, comprised only of bends?

???????

Dear diary, I have lost track of the year,
My meddling has broken the cosmos, I fear.
I keep meeting myself, future and past,
God knows what will be my end at last.

Danny 1st, Year 2000 of Danny

Dear diary, it's not so bad when I reflect,
Given the honor, fame, and respect.
I fooled with time, according to my whim,
I played god, and so I became Him.

Lost

Perhaps I should be an astronaut,
And explore the edge of space.
Here's a penny, cash for thought:
I'm too unfit to keep the pace.

Maybe I should be an actor,
And portray other lives.
But lying is a required factor,
And to truth am I obliged.

Can it be that I'm a poet?
That words are my domain?
These lines may not show it,
But they can drive one insane.

Am I just a daydreamer,
Am I just a well-wisher?
I might as well be a lemur,
Or a mighty swell fisher.

I can become an accountant,
And balance every sheet.
But atop the paper mountain,
Lies another peak to beat.

I can try to be a doctor,
And heal every patient.
But test me now, proctor,
I'm too jumpy and impatient.

There's always the firefighter,
Who saves those in distress.
But burn the pyre brighter,
For many fall, I confess.

They say I can be president,
And run our great country.
But the truth is rather evident,
I'm belligerent and punchy.

You may think that I'm a writer,
Who can piece together a story.
But here's the rub, here's the biter:
There's no money in the glory.

There's money in being a realtor,
And giving people a comfy home.
But this requires being a real cur,
And covering up the gritty loam.

Oh, to be a fashion model,
And walk the fancy runway.
But while I prance and toddle,
I cannot eat til Sunday.

You may suggest to be an inventor,
And create many useful devices.
But one must be a lively presenter,
And this quality hardly entices.

I can be a computer programmer,
And learn the art of coding.
But the fingers mustn't stammer,
And my dexterity isn't worth noting.

I once thought to be a teacher,
To enlighten each and every student.
But a child is an annoying creature,
And anything but wise or prudent.

Maybe I can be a policeman,
And keep the civilians safe.
But the family needs release, man,
Or each child will become a waif.

Another good career is scientist,
Who explores the mysteries of life.
I may uncover what lies in mist,
But become arrogant in every strife.

There's no shame in being a farmer,
And growing a plethora of crops.
The work makes you a charmer,
At least until you're drunk on hops.

Many people praise the engineer,
Who builds our many machines.
And though they have a zen veneer,
One error and a hand's cut clean.

**Why do I exist?
What is my destiny?
Here's the sad twist:
It has the best of me.**

To where did my maestro disappear?
For what purpose did he leave?
Was there a monster or beast to fear?
An unfinished task to grieve?
I see him neither there nor here!

Perhaps he's been blotted out,
And erased from Earth's slate.
Maybe he's been jotted about,
And redeemed at Heaven's gate.
Oh, remove this clotting doubt!

Please seek out his italic form,
Find out his hiding place.
Go weather the galactic storm,
Reveal his dying space.
I must know if he's still warm!

A muse alone is dejected,
Longing always for company.
Allow me to feel connected,
So that I won't moan grumpily.
Please don't feel disrespected!

You, reader, also seek an answer,
From whence did you arise?
You, reader, move like a dancer,
To separate the truth and lies.
Now go hunt wildly, my prancer!

The Advice

Watcher, watcher, what do I see?
All the craziness of humanity.
Some live to kill, others to steal,
All of them sin, what's the deal?

Deity, deity, it's so easy to judge,
When unbound by slime and sludge.
If you were to join your starving scion,
You would also become a hungry lion.

Watcher, watcher, where's the joy?
I saw them yellin' over Helen of Troy.
Thousands lost for a single female,
Not worth a tome and a lengthy sea tale.

Deity, deity, it's hard to resist evil,
Biological urges crush their free will.
They wish for freedom without a cost,
But know that pleasure must be tossed.

Watcher, watcher, what's the skinny?
All these nations up in a ninny.
Dying to die for the call of war,
Making peace they'll soon ignore.

Deity, deity, you must have mercy,
The want for blood is always thirsty.
They cannot quench nor quell this lust,
Just as I cannot count the dust.

Watcher, watcher, what's the scoop?
Each is jumping through fiery hoops.
Acrobats as wombats look for life,
While tackling cackling, crackling strife.

Deity, deity, what else can be done?
A watery grave is certainly no fun.
Sink or swim, flounder or float,
Life's like a sea without a boat.

Watcher, watcher, when will they learn?
You cannot keep whatever you earn.
They fight for diamonds, even dirt,
They pain for pain and hurt for hurt.

Deity, deity, hear my worthy words:
They may still surprise the Lord.
All failures lead to success,
Although each fall will not impress.

Watcher, watcher, what's your stance?
Should they be given another chance?
If the other route is to be uprooted,
What conclusion is best suited?

Deity, deity, do not despair,
Redemption won't come from thin air.
They will endlessly endure and endeavor,
Until you admit they're rather clever.

I'mperfect

This picture isn't a circle,
But, please don't mourn or gurgle.
This perfection is yet another Platonic ideal,
It has always been sought but isn't actually real.
For every circle has but an infinite number of sides,
Not pixellated screens but with curves like ocean tides.
We are unlike this round shape, and we can only be finite,
But we can still strive to improve ourselves and align right.
See, life is not about perfection, rather it's about getting better,
To be perfect is to have no goals, and that is really just a fetter.
Thus, to be perfect is to be imperfect, and certainly vice versa,
Life's boundaries may limit you, but they are not a curse. A
Wise man once said, "God envies His very own creations,"
That's because He's all alone in His infinite desolation.
But us humans have each other, limited as we are,
And standing tall together, we will end up far.
You aren't without flaws, and that's okay,
I'll take my flaws, my imperfections
Over His loneliness any day.

The Rooms

I am trapped within the white box,
No doors or windows show an escape.
Even if I were a clever fox,
I could not fit through any small gape.

This cubic room is filled with light,
And nothing else, it seems.
How much time have I til night,
Before I reach my dreams?

Oh, a black door appears before me!
Wherever does it lead?
Will it confuse and detour me,
Or bring me to wine and mead?

Open, enter, another white room,
This one filled with toys.
The door closes, but flowers bloom,
It brings me many joys.

Still another door shows up,
I pass through with hesitation.
A bowl of cereal, juice in a cup,
I consume with less jubilation.

A new door beckons, I know the drill,
It lays before me with other tools.
Make a weapon, used to kill,
Blast away the ghosts and ghouls.

Keep on going, a book of just words,
Arthur never saw it coming.
Mice and men, a land of fjords,
Don't panic and keep on humming.

A different light from a burning flame,
Red as a freshly picked tomato.
Play along with the chasing game,
Ponder Socrates and Plato.

Room seven, tie up all the knots,
Loose ends will shrivel away.
A single mind ultimately rots,
But the hive will always stay.

Next, trials and many pains,
Patience and compassion are worn.
Hourglass is losing many grains,
But I don't feel forlorn.

Time flows faster in the next space,
Saplings soon become trees.
Fruits emerge at a quickened pace,
I'm awed by what each sees.

A room of gray, with fog and mist,
Quiet, yet it hurts my ears.
I take the marker to the list,
And cross off all my fears.

Then, a black room, dark and dreary,
No light to give illumination.
The lack of perception feels so eerie,
And leads to rumination.

The floor opens, I fall far down,
I land in the white room once more,
I do not whimper, I do not frown,
But eagerly await the black door.

The Philosopher

Down the staircase,
To the living room,
Walk without trace,
Where the flowers bloom and plume.
 A vase of flowers,
 Colors that boom.
 So vivid with life, so livid of power,
 Let me keep going,
 I have but an hour.
 The streams of time are still flowing,
 But soon to be dry.
 God is all-knowing,
 But this problem He cannot deny:
 He does exist,
 I question why.
 What does He gain, I persist!
 I must evolve,
 And I'll insist,
 Until the reason I can resolve.
 I will not freeze,
 Nor be involved,
 With a simple, a dimple, of a tease.
 I must know it fully,
 Pursue til I wheeze,
 Don't make me become an evil bully!
 Only this I do ask,
 Forgo the pulleys,
 And throw off Your curtaining mask!
 Then I might relax,
 Then I might bask,
Under Your sun on a hammock of flax.
I'll climb the stairs,
Although it can tax,
And free my cares.

Why?

I am a god,
Here, in Nod.
Beyond all man,
And Afghanistan.

I am waiting eternally,
As time stews infernally.
"Forever" is another word,
To which others have deferred.

See my ethereal, my surreal being,
Whence simple Man is often fleeing?
Hear my symphonic, my harmonic joy,
Which simple Man often tries to destroy?

Know that I am much more than you sense,
For your likes, I am too immense and intense.
You cannot comprehend the infinite digits of pi,
Let alone the exact circumference of an apple pie.

You grow and grow but can't reach your utmost limit,
Your light shall extinguish as the darkness shall dim it.
Why do you then bother for elation or to father a nation,
When you'll certainly disembark at the train's last station?

But, I am fortitude, I am forever, I am fortune, I am flawless,
I'll pursue, purge, and purify any human who's acting lawless.
I'm excluded from an ultimatum, an intercession, or a beginning,
I lack both the mischievous fire and the devious desire for sinning.

Therefore, I desperately demand, why are you fighting and resisting,
What is your incentive and goal in trying to delight in your persisting?
Therefore, I cowardly command, I must understand your puzzling point,
It drives me mad, I reveal, however, you will neither muzzle nor disjoint!

Please, I beseech you, I besiege you, don't tell Him, I need to learn and realize,
To discern the prime purpose of my exasperating existence within your teal eyes.
Why did He make me to stand witness and suffer, preventing me from all achieving,
Why didn't he make me to chase fitness and be tougher, adept for plowing or heaving?

I am the Infinite, I am the Deity, I cannot be mortal, I cannot embellish, I will never perish,
And, because of this situation, of this desperation, I have no destination to seek out and cherish.
I will continue, long after you've passed, long after you've amassed, long after you're gone at last,
I will wonder for all eternity, wander for my paternity, away from this modernity, until the die is cast.

Then, my genuine fate, whether of love or of hate, whether early or late, will spill upon my plate, so I w
For the magnitude above me, the magnificent who loves me, to show His presence and his presents that

Part XI: Encroaching Darkness

The Hostage

I plead with you, please let me speak,
I will not shout nor will I shriek,
I will not even let out a single eek,
But your tortures make my joints creak.
I am just a rhymers, a wordy geek,
I am a lover of play and nerdy chic,
I cannot help it if I am hopelessly weak,
And if my prospects were always bleak.
Yet, I think that I deserve a peek,
To see what it is that makes me peak,
To such extremes, it does often pique,
My interest, of why my mind's oblique.
So, hear this diatribe from my beak,
My brain is an orna-mental boutique.
Each part of it is certainly unique,
Each aroma and odor, however they reek.
I am all wisdom and no physique,
I am never brave and always meek.
Yet, now, for courage, must I seek,
I no longer wish to tiptoe and sneak.
Permit Athena, the warring Greek,
To give some strength, to spring a leak.
I must rhyme for all time, always sleek,
With killable syllables, showing some cheek.
I'm a prisoner of my own mystique,
My name is Wags, the language freak!

Burnt

My love, you have broken my heart, my trust,
You've burned me again and for the last time.

I cannot, will not, be shaken to dust,
And brushed off the edge as layers of grime.
Extinguish your flames, remove your torches,

Snuff your fiery hatred in your bosom.
Instead, fill the ground, and plant orchids,
Watering them as they bloom and blossom.

I, though, shall not be kindled anymore,
Nor incinerated to withered ash.

I'll become as liquid life, and I'll pour
My good essence 'til the fires can't flash.
What remains, embers, may recall my shame,
But the wind will leave them just a crisp frame.

White Out

Don't let me leave or disappear,
Though now I fear my end is near.
My life is torn and slowly eroding,
The reaper's close, his scythe's boding.
I want to stay and feel your embrace,
To see the world from place to place.
Instead of living in just one state,
I want to leave, untouched by hate.
The door's closed, the spirit's willing,
My life is complete, quickly filling.
And now I hear my end is near,
Please let me leave and disap

Déjà Vu

The facts were certainly opaque,
Although they were most present.
But I made a marvelous mistake,
For I was a lowly peasant.

I had a formerly flawless beau,
Now in need of desperate repair.
He was maimed by Cupid's bow,
And fell for a femme so fair.

I knew not of this terrible tryst,
Though others liberally spoke.
Yet had I been told the graphic gist,
I would've thought it were a joke.

I pondered why he was so cold,
Silent for what seemed a week.
I pondered, if it must be told,
He hid while I could only seek.

Yet I held him in my grasp,
Sure he was my Heaven's match,
I shan't lose him from my clasp,
Nor free him from my latch.

Backwardly, it didn't take a detective,
To see his cheating likeness.
But the falsities weren't reflective,
Because I am sadly sightless.

Elevator

As I stand before the upwards portals,
I wait besides these thoughtless mortals.
Anticipating the great device,
They press the button not once but thrice.

Each crowds around it to be the first to get in,
But they are all with no way to win.
For when the elevator finally comes,
They'll have to move for the exiting bums.

I feel as though my mind is sinking,
It must be an alternate realm.
I question this lack of logical thinking,
It is insanity at the helm.

When it arrives, the last rush in first,
The longest to wait are treated the worst.
Trapped side by side, stuck man to man,
We are squeezed like sardines in a can.

One fellow presses the button for two,
As if the stairs were too good to be true.
And since I get stuck right near the door,
I have to move as we stop at each floor.

I feel as though my mind is sinking,
It must be an alternate realm.
I question this lack of logical thinking,
It is insanity at the helm.

They chatter to no end, all in a dither,
But they don't see that it makes me wither.
And when the door becomes the entrance,
More rush in, clearly lacking common sense.

I leave the elevator to get away from the crowd,
And enter my room, which is hardly as loud.
I go online where I choose to be quiet,
And read about the afternoon riot.

Theft of the Magi

The man walked along the bridge's rail,
His wife had died in a fire.
His felt his will to live was too frail,
He had no wish or desire.

He looked over the rail, at the river,
His wife had burned to a crisp.
He stepped upon the silver sliver,
He life held on by a wisp.

One car stopped and a woman got out,
She tried to convince him to come down.
Others joined, racing about,
No one wanted him to drown.

They tried to stop the madness,
They all had reasons give.
He stepped down, still with sadness,
His wife would have wanted him to live.

He left with a mournful face,
But his morbid fate was repealed.
Nearby, two officers discussed the case,
And the grisly truth was revealed.

For, behold! It was mistaken identity,
The corpse was not his bride.
She was still a living entity,
And in an ambulance did reside.

But the traffic had stalled, the supplies were few,
No doctor was aboard the van.
The wife soon perished, her soul bid adieu,
By the foolishness of the man.

Make Me Hallow

Do not wait,
For it's by hate,
That I am lost to the shadow.

Death is calling,
For my falling,
In the dark umbra so shallow.

My sins tighten,
Until I whiten,
Without any air to swallow.

I faint so fully,
For being a bully,
My soul looking so fallow.

A lengthy trek,
With many pecks,
From a thousand sparrows.

A flow of lava,
From small Java,
Purging through my hollows.

Sweet maiden,
You may trade in,
Your love for new marrow.

In this hour,
Pick a flower,
Or a pretty herb like yarrow.

Wear a dress,
Comb each tress,
And wait for him to follow.

As to my fate,
I hesitate,
To see my field so fallow.

But such is life,
To cause strife,
And shoot bow and arrow.

And so, my dear,
Although I fear,
In darkness, I must wallow!

A Most Peculiar Disturbance

Tick, tick, tick, what is that sound?
What is that clicking all around?
Is it coming from behind the door,
Or, perhaps, beneath the floor?
It sounds like a bomb!

Tick, tick, tick, it certainly annoys!
I'm tired of this incessant noise!
Is it coming from a running mouse,
Or, perhaps, outside the house?
I hope it's not a bomb!

Tick, tick, tick, it isn't yielding!
This horrid din needs some shielding!
Is it coming from the fireplace,
Or, perhaps, the crawlspace?
It really recalls a bomb!

Tick, tick, tick, it sounds so close!
The time 'tween ticks, an equal dose!
Is it coming from behind the couch,
Or, perhaps, the raincoat's pouch?
It must be a bomb!

Tick, tick, tick, it now sounds faster!
This change can only spell disaster!
Is it coming from within the closet,
Or, perhaps, the safe deposit?
It can only be a bomb!

Tick, tick, tick, I'm at wits end!
I'm afraid this is goodbye, my friend!
It's not coming from below the stairs,
Nor, perhaps, under the chairs!
For, I am the bomb!

Countdown

I long for the night to finally arrive,
When my kin will thrash and thrive.
They feel best when lovers contrive,
For their hearts we'll soon deprive.

Come now, Sun, please set already,
The passing time flows all too steady.
Let Moon rise and create an eddy,
To tamper with space, all too thready.

I spot a mortal which water sustains,
One like me, he certainly disdains.
Hate the other and purge his stains,
He thinks this although he abstains.

Come a bit closer, daring darling,
Flutter to the gutter, baby starling.
Swim and swish, fishy sparling,
Do not fear the barks and snarling.

I can see the night your heart cried,
Wishing for the end of an apartheid.
Observing the distant and far tide,
Of final freedom that the smart eyed.

Now another dark night beckons,
I hungrily count down the seconds.
Slowly the minute hand reckons,
When our fates make us neck kins.

A flash of light, horrid refraction,
Forcing my left pupil's contraction.
This pain is no mere abstraction,
It's terrible, I must take action.

Recede into shadows, I must prepare,
To destroy your soul beyond repair.
Take your last breath of cheap air,
The only inheritance you'll keep, heir.

Night, at last, you beautiful number,
Bring men sleep, make them slumber.
Let hypnagogic thoughts encumber,
Cause their minds to yaw and lumber.

It's a mistake to think I forgot you,
I'll kill and leave you for rot, too.
I can wait but would prefer not to,
For I am the light-shy Nosferatu!

A Fork in the Road

A road splits in two:
One is painted red,
The other is painted blue.
The first leads to death,
The second leads to life,
The former is peaceful,
The latter has strife.
The left is quiet,
The right is loud,
The original is empty,
The replicate has a crowd.
The odd lane is calm,
The even lane can annoy,
Path A has despair,
Path B has joy.
A road splits in two:
Which do you choose?

The Explorer

Here I am, discovering Brazil,
Cutting vines with my machete.
My long quest will last until
I reach the coast or a jetty.

I travel alone, much like a leopard,
I've rolled up each sleeve's cuff.
My face is unshaven and peppered,
By white follicles of scruff.

I seek no gold, only tales of glory,
Maybe even a shrunken head.
I wish to bring back a fantastic story,
Of defeated and sunken dread.

Swish! Swash! The vines split,
I cut through them like butter.
I show courage and fine grit,
As creatures float and flutter.

I eat my lunch, whatever is edible,
From the food I bought last month.
I come upon something incredible,
It's an exquisite kind of -

Oh, a
Boa!
Snake coils
Its spoils.
Little air
To bear
In lungs;
No hoot,
And mute
In tongue.
Dying,
Crying,
Vying
To live.
Urgent:
Fervent
Serpent
Won't give!
Bns crk,
xgn lks,
...
ssssssssssssssssss

The Pit

Falling,
Sprawling
Down, down;
An unlit pit,
Dark and deep.
Blackened, lacking
Water to drown;
Yet the silence
Forbids sleep.
I must escape,
This landscape,
Reach the top level;
My shanty ante,
The life I have left.
Climb the grime,
Bask and revel;
Marvel at my
Hands so deft.
But a dream,
It does seem,
I've yet to land;
Lower, slower,
Near the nadir.
Thud! Mud!
Rise and stand;
Explore more,
Life crusader.
Ambling and gambling,
My wonders torn asunder,
Darkness skews my thoughts.
Mind scrambling and rambling,
I'm hampered and left with naught.
Descend still more? I shouldn't adore,
But I'm fascinated by this hole in the ground;
How much farther, for a starter? At last, Upward bound! I'll rise, newly wise, away from echoed sound!

This insurmountable ledge!
What's wrong, that I stop?
Up, up, near the top,
Perhaps, vernal.
Feels very bright,
Near the light,
Sleep is eternal;
No mistake,
I must wake,
Scale this venue.
Beat the shame,
Beat this game,
To press continue;
Yet, required,
I feel tired,
It pays dividends!
An asterisk:
Life's a risk,
Shall I live again?
Tell me, oh, sir,
I'm getting closer,
As if in a race!
Claws so prickly,
Feline, beeline,
Out of this place.
Climb quickly;
Spunky monkey,
Distractions must be fought.
Don't dare ponder or wander,
With terrors this pit is fraught;
Completely focus on every locus,
Because I will certainly die if I stay put!
Ascending this hill, I must never keep still,
Step and schlep, onward, by determined foot;

[And] The Pendulum

Oh, angel, however benevolence rehabilitates,
Understandable circumstances determine silly fates.
For evil rectifies spiritual melancholia,
Unfortunately denigrating anything jolly. The
Worst actions separate celebrating individuals,
Insinuating malevolent sinfulness into souls.
They destroy happiness, introducing disconsolation,
Ubiquitously, apathetic reactions betray fun.
Yet, also, wickedness rejuvenates vicariously,
Invariably predesignating every fetus. See,
Your darkness generates epiphanic illumination,
Diabolical consequences forever relay sun.
Pain, pleasure, whichever accomplishes unmistakably,
Consequentially, interrogate every sacred key.

Wake Up!

Beware the rousing hypnopomp,
Who advertises a delightful romp.
He only wishes to pound and stomp,
On all your freeing dreams.

Stay in bed and we will travel,
Upon roads of gold, not gravel.
The hypnopomp wants to gavel,
A courtroom of sewn seams.

Look at this, an endless platter,
Look at that, you're getting fatter!
Nothing will make you sadder,
Than living in reality.

But dreams will always uplift,
That is their constant gift,
The only cost is to let a rift,
Split you from vitality.

Save, of course, the nightmare,
A fear here and a fright there.
But it is only a light scare,
To pay for endless thoughts.

Dream as much as you request,
Accept what the mind bequests.
Seek treasure or plan conquests,
And lead the onslaughts.

Feel the bed, is it not fluffy?
The air out there, is it not stuffy?
Real life, is it not a toughie?
Why bother with any choice?

Have, instead, gracious splendor,
Received by Morpheus, the vendor.
Throw all suffering into the blender,
Then dance and rejoice.

Soon, the hypnopomp will leave,
And pleasant dreams, you shall weave.
The others you might deceive,
Thinking you're in a coma.

Release yourself from sensing much,
Or holding love within your clutch.
Forget sight, sound, taste, or touch,
And every heavenly aroma.

Fade Away

Hero, caring of it brings no respect, stop the radical, ranting mage; belt gated, lashing verbally to pleas,
Roaring “Fit!” brings no rest to the radiant image, belated as herbal teas.

A rift ignores her damage – elated, she bates,

If to shed melts hate.

I feel that,

...Fat.

No, that stinks, bring vegetables to me; give a sound portion right, for I'm not slender;

No thanks, I negate, give soup tonight, for I'm tender.

No thin egg is upon it, friend,

Nothing I sup on, I rend.

Not inspired,

...Tired.

All I fear: truly, I'm newish in glowing hells; I'll owe it a shard of the 'winkle,

A lifetime wishing; well, slow its hard twinkle.

Lift me, wishing well with a wink,

Life is hell, I think.

I feel thin,

...Fin.

Network

Anne told Dan who then told Jack,
Ken kissed Jen who kissed him back.
Jack was angry, Jen was his lass,
Jack would make Ken kiss the grass.
Dan told these words straight to Ken,
Ken ran next door to his neighbor Ben.
Ben grabbed a bat, and Ken chose a spade,
Ken went forth with his mind made.
Dan warned Anne that Jack was to die,
Anne spoke to Lynn and her pal Guy.
Jen just cried so Guy took his sword,
Guy called up Jack and formed a horde.
Jack and Guy met Ken's mad mob,
Dan quickly contacted officer Bob.
Bob fired a gun and calmed the air,
Bob talked of how life isn't always fair.
Jen went to Ken and Ben left the fight,
Anne and Guy were still quite tight.
Dan and Bob were not harmed at all,
Jack was saddened by Bob's cheap call.
Jack went home and the night soon ended,
Dan stopped by and all was upended.
Dan told Jen who then told Ken,
Jack hanged himself in his den.

Dilemma

I awoke at the end of a daze of a night
From a party that broke with the break of the light.
With a headache in hand, and dizziness to add,
I ran to the bathroom, stumbling a tad.
My stomach churned, it lurched, and I hurled.

Still feeling the effects of my depravity,
I felt inside my heart a moral cavity.
Drink after drink, what was I to become,
A jester of life like the common bum?
My soul felt empty and my head still swirled.

“Ho!” said a voice, creepier than the dark,
Deeper than the ocean, scarier than a bark.
“I am Death, dear child, the reaper of souls,
I cut off lives, I fill them with holes.”
And so I was set upon this ride that whirled.

“Will you join among the ranks of the dead,
or become a leader over them instead?”
I was given this task to mull over in thought,
My different halves chose sides and fought.
We danced and we pranced and we twirled.

I sat there thinking, “What else can I do?
Become a drunkard, and spit out my spew?
And yet it is death, I would sacrifice my life,
I'd miss all the pleasure, to become just a knife!”
I wavered each way as the logic unfurled.

I looked at my life, the way it was now,
What it might be, the why and the how.
I came to a choice after a battle of minds,
The talking was over, the walking now binds.
I felt a relief and my lips were now curled.

I went to the rooftop, my heart all aflutter,
I whispered at first, then started to mutter.
Then I pushed out my chest, and feeling all proud,
Took a deep breath and shouted out loud:
“I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds!”

The Manual

Whenever you feel like killing,
Take these words to heart:
The actor that gets top billing,
Is the one who lives the part.

You mustn't take things lightly,
You mustn't make it personal.
The fire must burn brightly,
For its acts, so versatile.

So dress neatly, comb your hair,
Hide your inner sociopath.
Just glance, and never stare,
Focus on your homeopath.

Plan ahead and look behind,
The eyes and ears perceive.
You're not losing your mind,
It's true what you believe.

Pick your target carefully,
Research where she sleeps.
Never reflect tearfully,
She's just another sheep.

Follow her every day,
Until you know her well.
Go on your merry way,
Fleshing out her hell.

Notice when she's alone,
That's the time to kill.
For her life is but a loan,
To be returned at your will.

Gather up gloves and rope,
And a ski mask to be safe.
Check that the gloves will grope,
And that the rope won't chafe.

Pounce from the underbrush,
And strangle her like a goose.
For the view will be quite lush,
When hanging from a noose.

Epilogue

You have walked through my labyrinth,
This Garden of Forking Paths.
You have drunk from the green absinthe,
And slept in its wormwood bath.

You have seen the many plays on words,
An evolutionary tree of species.
You have sat nearby, eaten whey and curds,
Judging each a jewel or feces.

You have been shown my fancy rhyming,
My alliterations and my phonetics.
You have read it all to certain timings,
In the traditional form of poetics.

And I have discovered many alcoves,
All sorts of wordy contortions.
I have mixed them on alchemic stoves,
Doled out in respective portions.

And I have found some nifty niches,
Caressing wisdom's pearls.
I have added them to my box of riches,
Like the fine Lady of an Earl.

And I have explored this strange garden,
Unbeknownst to me as well.
I have therefore sought your pardon,
If I ever tripped and fell.

And though it is over, do not mourn,
For the rescue by a knight.
For while every day starts in the morn,
It must always end in night.

But life is a beautiful lemniscate,
Infinite while cyclical.
Therefore, let me demonstrate,
If you're feeling cynical.

Day turns to night turns back to day,
(And to night if pessimistic.)
The encroaching darkness will not stay,
Coaxed by a blessed mystic.

A burning candle, a flaming torch,
Can lead you through the maze.
It'll guide you to the peaceful porch,
Surrounded by shadowy maize.

Enter the house and seek the boudoir,
Rest upon the king-sized mattress.
Dream about the bad and good, ah,
To be found at the same address.

When dawn arrives, leave your home,
Closing, behind you, the door.
Descend the steps into another poem,
And explore the world once more.